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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MAY 21 1982

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BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS

The magus of Mallorca

By Anthony Burgess

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH:
Robert Graves
His Life and Work
508pp. Hutchinson. £14.95.
0 09 139350 7

PAUL O'PREY (Editor):
Selected Letters of Robert Graves
1914-1946
372pp. Hutchinson. £19.95
0 09 147720 4

Martin Seymour-Smith first met Robert Graves during the latter's enforced English exile: the Falangists had driven him from Deyá to Devon, and the Second World War postponed his reconciliation with the Franco régime. Seymour-Smith was only fourteen and "full of brash questions" about poetry. Graves gave succinct answers. Dylan Thomas was "nothing more, really, than a Welsh demagogic masturbator who failed to pay his bills". Stephen Spender was "a nice chap, but better as a greengrocer than a poet". T. S. Eliot was "a very decent chap, really" but had sold out to Anglicanism and published a detestable poetaster named Auden. Ezra Pound? "Yes, he had met Pound once; in T. E. Lawrence's rooms at All Souls. He'd had a wet handshake and was clearly crazy." Graves was glad that his future biographer was "getting to the stage of realising that there are hardly any poets or ever have been; this is the only decent excuse for writing poems oneself, because after all there is such a thing as poetry...."

This kind of puerile dismissal of most of his contemporaries might have been excusable near closing time in the Wheatsheaf or York Minister, but there is something immoral in the spectacle of a grown man of proven poetic authority corrupting a youth with his own prejudices. On the other hand, Graves was entitled to write off poets in this manner because he knew what made a poet, or certainly a poem, bad. The essay on the Great English Lyric in *The Common Asphodel* is just and devastating. He and Laura Riding, in their *Survey of Modernist Poetry*, had pioneered the technique of dissecting a poem before pronouncing on it, a thing that only Dr Johnson and Coleridge seemed to have done

before. William Empson - who, of course, was no good - developed this technique in his *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, to, it is generally accepted, the benefit of the art of criticism. It is generally accepted too, even among Graves's strongest admirers, that the magus of Mallorca would have done well to apply to his own work the informed rigour he brought to that of others.

For Graves's importance as a poet still seems to be in doubt. He has produced enough to ensure that (as with Wordsworth) at least ten per cent of his output has to be taken seriously, but there is not one stanza or even line of his that has become a common quotation among the literary. Pound may have been an impostor, Auden a plagiarist, Eliot a time-server and Yeats (whom Graves particularly despised) a poseur, but they have all modified our attitude to life and implanted certain ineffable rhythms in our brains. Graves does not hug the memory. He seems rhythmically flaccid and has never quite come to terms with the movement of spoken English. His diction has a tendency to obsolete inversion. There are many poems of his which one would not be without - this, for instance, which astounded Eliot:

Circling the ebbings of their fish,
Nuns walk to white and pray;
For he is chaste as they.
Who was dark-faced and hot in Silvia's day

And in his pool drowns each unspoken wish.
But his extravagant rejection of the entire corpus of modern poetry in English - with the exception of Hardy, Frost, Ransom and, of course, Riding - put him into a position of dangerous eccentricity, demanding from his readers a rehabilitation of taste more appropriate to a cultus than to a decent catholicity.

Of the value of many of his prose writings there can be no doubt. Most of the criticism is admirable and entertaining. The historical novels are very readable, and *I Claudius* is a compelling novel, only as a television series but as a Korda film that never got itself completed. Of much of his prose output Graves has been grossly dismissive. His fine autobiography *Goodbye to All That* was written too fast and very carelessly. He essayed the novel not as a novelist but as a needy hack, thus putting

himself outside the canons of fictional art: so long as the books paid the bills, the critics could be ignored. The scholars too could be ignored when they complained about the false anthropology of *The White Goddess*. A lot of the prose was there to subsidize the poetry. Some of the prose was a theoretical justification of poetic practice. The only thing that really mattered was the poetry. Eliot never liked talk of "poets", preferring himself to be thought of as a man who sometimes produced poems, but Graves took the title of poet very seriously. He wrote poetry. It was never a matter of his having written poetry and therefore being entitled to the high title. Never was a literary life so loitely dedicated. But perhaps dedication, like patriotism, is not enough.

The life itself is of appalling interest. It is not merely fascinating but flammable. It has prolonged *Sturm und Drang* and ends with a hardly earned tranquility. Seymour-Smith draws on Graves's father (author of "Father O'Flynn") for the first part, filling it with details previously withheld and essaying psychological interpretations not available to the autobiographer. Graves was a chaste boy with a public-school education who tried, as we all do, to distinguish between love and lust. He loved a fellow-pupil who turned out to be homosexual. War neurosis, wrongly termed shell-shock, uncovered sexual guilt which had nothing to do with sexual enactment. At the end of the war (and nobody has given a better account of it from the writer's angle), Graves, a virgin, married another virgin, Nancy Nicholson, a militant feminist who alleged that the sufferings of soldiers were nothing compared to the sufferings of women. She kept to her maiden name, thus rendering eventual divorce awkward, since the partition Nicholson v Graves was not acceptable in law. Children were born, but there was not much love. Nancy was bossy, people felt sorry for Graves. A phrase used by Camille in Saul Bellow's *Humboldt's Gift* - "pussy-whipped" - seems appropriate. Graves's post-war life begins with pussy-whipping from one woman and continues with it from another.

Graves and his family, having made no money either from writing or from keeping a shop on Boar's Hill, went to Egypt, where there was a professor's job waiting. With them went Laura Riding. She, a young Jewish poet from Manhattan, had tried to boss the fugitives in Nashville, Tennessee. One of the fugitives was John Crowe Ransom, whom Graves admired. It was thought a good idea to send Laura Riding off to boss Robert Graves. She turned up in London on the eve of the Graveses' departure and attached herself to the family during the short-lived Cairo venture. Graves's account of his professional troubles in *Goodbye to All That* is merely diverting: here we learn that he went through hell.

Really it was an anteroom to hell. The real hell began back in London when the *ménage à trois* was turned into a foursome by the appearance of a certain Geoffrey Phibbs. Up to that point things had not been going too badly. Graves had earned £500 from a popular book on his friend T. E. Lawrence and had put the money into the Selwyn Press, an enterprise designed to "actualise the new thinking, bring some of the right people together, and provide practical examples of how writing should be done." The implied precepts of *A Survey of Modernist Poetry* (published in July 1927) required illustration. Then Phibbs, an Irish journalist, much impressed by Laura Riding's work, joined the group at what was known as "Free Love Corner" and helped to initiate hell.

Of Laura Riding, whose influence dominated Graves's life for so long, something must be said, since it is probable that she does not now have many readers. It is enough to examine the poems by which she is represented in Michael Roberts's *Faber Book of Modern Verse* (the first edition) to be made aware of her genuine power. The trouble with her as a person was that she was too conscious of her literary gifts and highly resentful of those who did not appreciate them. She was egotistical and damnably dogmatic. I remember her giving, in Manchester, a fifteen-minute lecture on the nature of poetry and refusing discussion, since she alone knew the meaning of words and her auditors could not be trusted to use them at all. When her Col-

lected *Poems* appeared in 1938 I gave the book, apparently, the only review which she deemed intelligent. She wrote a long letter to my editor praising my appreciation of her "womanness" (her prose was always shocking) but demanding that her laudations be not published. When, in the same year, I thought rather less highly of Graves's first *Collected Poems*, I was also ill-mannered. I had a notion that something very queer was going on in that, as it had now become, *ménage à deux*.

Laura Riding's womanness responded violently to Phibbs, whom she called an Irish Adonis. She tried to thrust Graves back into the arms of Nancy, who did not now want him. Then Phibbs announced that he wanted no more of Laura; he preferred Nancy. Laura's response was to drink Lysool, to no effect, and then to leap out of a fourth-floor window with the valediction "Goodbye, Phibbs ran away. A deformation of the spine, in evidence on her Manchester visit, and a prospect of deportation for attempted suicide were the fruits of the escapade. Phibbs lived in a houseboat with Nancy and her four children by Graves, whom the father had to support. Graves and Laura Riding went off to Mallorca.

Graves loved her but was denied access to her bed. He put up meekly with her tyranny and probably for a good reason. Her poetic influence was wholly beneficial, even though her potboiling prose efforts were unpalatable, while Graves's paid the bills. She resented this. She resented his becoming known while she remained unknown. She overestimated her personal magic and her capacity to arouse lust. She became a prophet and proposed reforming the world. When, with war imminent, she and Graves went to America, she perhaps all too explicitly, fell in love with Schuyler Jackson, a man with little learning and no literary talent. His marriage broke up and she became tyrannically submissive to his physical advances. In *The White Goddess* Graves was to write:

The archives of morbid psychology are full of Bassard histories. An English or American woman in a nervous breakdown of sexual

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origin will often instinctively reproduce in faithful and disgusting detail much of the ancient Dionysiac ritual. I have myself witnessed it in helpless terror.

She ceased to be a poet. Mr and Mrs Jackson ended up running a citrus fruit venture in Wabasso, Florida. It was said to be in a constant state of failure, but this did not prevent their keeping another house in New Mexico. Meanwhile Graves had fallen in love with Beryl, wife of his collaborator Alan Hodge (*The Long Weekend, The Reader Over Your Shoulder*), and spent a happy year with her in Devon. It was long before Nancy consented to the onomastic adjustment which would permit the lovers to marry, but eventually things turned out all right. Back to Deyà with a wife, not a goddess who had registered with the villagers as a crazy chain-smoking goddess eccentrically dressed, the founding of a new family, a well-earned creative tranquillity.

The impact of femininity on Graves's life and thinking is clearly, as Seymour-Smith's book makes shockingly clear, not of a doctrinaire nature. He had lived simultaneously with two women of almost mythical assertiveness and had kept for the sake of his art, his own well-developed masculinity in check. He knew the power of the goddess and submitted to it. Seymour-Smith, on the evidence of professional anthropologists, denies Graves's right to posit a primeval matriarchal system (though saying nothing of the *adipose* in Negri Semblance) but concedes its validity in terms of the poetic imagination. Laura Riding taught Graves to reject history, which is a masculine toy, but not the self-renewing cycle, which is altogether feminine. The error committed by the hero of *King Jesus* is the denial of the feminine, though his claim to kingship is based on female ultimogeniture. Graves's art, as practised in the specific years at Deyà, depends on a dual concept of woman. His wife is his nearest and dearest, and the recipient of his best love poems, but she is merely Vesta. The goddess who disturbs into a different creative mode comes capriciously and may not be possessed. Graves's late strange adventures with young women in Deyà are not to be interpreted as male lechery, though healthy rivalry has come into them, like having a fiancée shoved into the lock-up — but in terms of poetic need.

Meanwhile, on the sub-poetic plane, Graves has had to go on earning a living, not merely to pay the bills but to subvert appointments, like that as Oxford Professor of Poetry. It is consoling to read that he has suffered financially like the rest of us, maintaining an innocent trust in sharks: Tom Roe, for instance, who bought authors' copyrights and guaranteed them an income, though his real specialty was the floating of phantom companies like the infamous Cadeo and passing forged dollar bills. When Roe began to steal his authors' money, Graves, lost 65,000 Swiss francs, though Graham Greene and Norcote Parkinson, shrewder men, suffered too. His admirable libretto for a musical on the Queen of Sheba (oversold for in honour of Lot's wife, the only water-pitcher in Solomon's bed-chamber, Sheba's thirst leading her thither) was rejected by Lena Horne because she "didn't dig the lyrics". Graves was too old to express much satisfaction in the BBC's television adaptation of *Claudius*, and an earlier contract ensured that he got no money out of it. It is nearly every writer's story, but Graves has kept his primary vocation inviolate — or rather the very nature of that vocation has not tempted the world's bemolding fingers.

Still, his translation of the Rubáiyat, which may be taken as inviting the attention of Persian scholars and lovers of "Riz-Omar" alike, as well as exhibiting the most mature phase of his pure verse craftsmanship, typified inveterate qualities — genial arrogance, innocence, un-scholarliness, and a disturbing incompetence. The Cambridge manuscript provided by Omar Ali-Shah turned out (in 1978) to be a forgery, and a literal prose translation was not, anyway, the best material with which to work, Graves, knowing no Persian,

ventriloquized for Omar Ali-Shah, condemning Fitzgerald for inaccuracy and sentimentality, but producing himself a very dry paraphrase that could not, as Fitzgerald's version had done, accommodate the rhyme-scheme of the original. Thus:

Ah me, the book of early glory closes,
The green of Spring makes way for winter snow,
The cheerful bird of Youth flutters away —
I hardly noticed how it came or went
Which even I, who am no poet, can improve to

I see the book of early glory close,
The green of Spring makes way for winter snow,
The cheerful bird of Youth flutters away —
I hardly notice how it comes or goes.

Martin Seymour-Smith has produced an admirable biography and a shrewd commentary on Graves's work. He goes a little wrong with his account of the establishment of the Mediterranean Institute of Dowling College at Deyà in 1969-70. He says that the Institute had "a number of regular instructors, of whom the least undistinguished, and certainly the least drunken . . . was the over-credulous but personally likeable Colin Wilson." A false one of the instructors, I make no claim to distinction but I do to sobriety. I even gave a lecture in a eul and collar and tie, a thing unheard of before in Deyà. Deyà remember as an over-lax place with no garbage collection, a credulity about lunar magic, hippies sick because they had to subsist on fish and red wine and could not get Coca-Cola and hamburgers, a set of *Homage to Catalonia* for class study misdirected to Graves's house and sent, fearfully, back to Franco. That was before the death of Franco. Things may be tougher now.

As a complement to the life we have the letters, selected by Paul O'Prey, a young man living in the Graves household in Deyà and working on the sorting of the Graves archives. The poet has consistently cultivated the letter-writer's craft all his long life, inditing in clear bold hand and Indian ink, whose virtue is that it dries quickly, though too quickly (he before it leaves the bottle) in the Mallozes. O'Prey provides biographical links but limits life and letters to the periods of the two wars and the uneasy hag-ridden pax in the middle. Thus, we have all of Graves the young infantry officer, far less mature than he is made to appear with the hindsight of *Good-bye to All That*, and with that limitation of poetic taste which, in one form or another, was to remain with him all his life: Graves thought very highly of Rupert Brooke and very little of Ezra Pound. In 1915 he writes to Edward Marsh:

A three days' spell in billets gives me the chance I have been wanting for some time, of writing to tell you how truly grieved I am about poor Rupert's death, for your sake especially and generally for all of us who know what poetry is: my Father (dear old man) said this was a fitting end for Rupert, killed by the arrows of jealous Musagetes in his own Greek islands; but fine words won't help: we can only be glad that he died so cheerfully and in such a good cause. What mightn't he have written had he lived?

In 1946 he writes to T. S. Eliot: I am in an unfortunate position about the Pound affair. I agree that poets should stick together in the most masochistic way . . . But since 1911 when I first read Pound in Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* magazine, and since 1922 when I met him for the first time at All Souls in T. E. Lawrence's rooms, I could never regard him as a poet, and have consistently denied him the title.

That early arrogance of "all of us who know what poetry is" is a theme developed, though often in the most amiable way, throughout the letters. Denying the bays altogether to Pound, Graves is willing to find that Martin Tupper, best-selling Victorian figure of fun, is "a good bird at times". Writing to Siegfried Sassoon, he says:

Future literary historians will compare your anti-major complex: When I am old and bald and short of breath, and elsewhere, with Tupper's sonnet on Army Casto.

Hard Routine
Sets caste and class each by itself aside.
You fierce-tipped major, rich and well allied,
To these poor privates hardly deigns to speak.

Whether Sassoon was or was not pleased at being compared with Martin Tupper is not recorded. What is recorded is the cooling of the friendship between two men who perhaps had little in common except a war and a talent for verse. Sassoon published in 1928 his *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, unfavourably reviewed by Graves, and in 1930 his *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, where Graves, under the name of "David Cromlech", is presented as "a fat-headed crank". *Good-bye to All That* has much to say about Sassoon, and very little of it was pleasing to the subject, who demanded changes from the publisher Cape, and, after some remarkable long letters to Graves, acquiesced in the closing of a friendship. Laura Riding, with her insistence on impossible perfection in both life and work, had a good deal to do with such closures. Here is Graves to "My dear Siegfried":

. . . I would not suggest that you vulgarize the *Criterion* to increase the sales and fill your pockets: obviously you are not that sort of person but I do think that you

f suppose my "talking through

Embarkation of a novelist

By J. M. Cocking

MARCEL PROUST

Correspondence

Tom VIII, 1908

Edited by Philip Kolb

365pp. Paris: Plon.

2 259 0048 8

1908 was the year when Proust's determination to write something important took on force and direction, and his letters are correspondingly interesting. The year began with a series of pastiches, and that since is familiar enough. A confidence trickster called Lendelinne claimed to have produced artificial diamonds and extracted money from De Beers; he was eventually found out and sent to prison. As soon as the story broke early in 1908 Proust had the idea of writing it up in the styles of a number of well-known authors. Pastiches of Balzac, Emile Zola, Flaubert, and Renan followed in March. These pastiches had a great success, but a plan to make a book of them came to nothing. O'Prey provides nearly ready in 1909, but Proust published only one more, in the style of Henri de Régnier.

These "exercises de style" are at once brilliant imitations and very amusing caricatures. To Robert Dreyfus, who referred to their "technique", Proust wrote that there was no question of anything as pretentious or clever as a technique. Of the Roman pastiche he said "J'avais réglé mon 'métrisme' intérieur à son rythme et j'étais [pu] écrire dix volumes comme cela." But, as always with Proust, this spontaneous and sub-rational identification with the language habits of his models was supplemented by a sharp analytical awareness. He knew where, instead of recreating a model's style, he had involuntarily reproduced fragments of the model's actual writings, and where he had used a word which, however Renanque he felt it to be, was not in Renan's vocabulary. Such sensitive response to literary meaning combined with close analysis of stylistic means did a good deal to show Proust how to create his own meanings.

After this burst of inspired imitation, Proust turned to more serious things. Throughout the year we find references to his need for peace and quiet to get on with his work. He writes now and then of a plan to quell the distractions of Paris and move to the country, or perhaps even to Florence. He went no further than Cabourg, as he had done in 1907 and was to do over a year until the outbreak of war. But he came back once that he was about to embark on "un travail assez long, ou un travail très important". A novel? Or the critical study of Sainte-Beuve? In

1902 he had written to Antoine Bibesco that his imagination was full of characters in search of an author. By 1908 he is still unable to give them life. To Mme de Pierrefbourg he writes in the autumn: "Vous êtes romancier, vous! Si je pouvais créer comme vous des êtres et des situations, que je serais heureux!" So perhaps the "travail très important" was to be the essay on Sainte-Beuve.

But ever since Fallois published his edition of *Contre Sainte-Beuve* in 1954, including a number of drafts which had no connection with Sainte-Beuve but obvious links with *La recherche*, theories have multiplied about the relations between the two types of writings. Did the novel grow out of the critical study, or alongside it, with perhaps some mutual influence, some kind of osmosis? Or were the two projects quite independent of each other? The *Pléiade* edition of *Contre Sainte-Beuve* in 1971 omitted the apparently irrelevant drafts, but the speculation went on.

A letter to the Marquis d'Albuerne, first printed in *Le Figaro littéraire* in 1971, made it clear that by the spring of 1908 Proust was experimenting with several projects at once, which he listed as: une étude sur la noblesse, un roman parisien, un essai sur Sainte-Beuve et Flaubert, un essai sur les Femmes, un essai sur la Pédérastie (pas facile à publier), une étude sur les vitraux, une étude sur les pierres tombales, une étude sur le roman.

This threw new light on some of the notes in the *Carnet de 1908*, in which Proust recorded his doubts about the best way to exploit his talents, and even accused himself of being restless in such hesitation from the responsibility of getting down to hard work or from the realisation of his own literary impotence. Philip Kolb used this new evidence in the introduction to his edition of the *Carnet de 1908* in 1976, and produced the most likely account yet of how the novel began to take shape. But the details of this particular story are still uncertain. In this volume Professor Kolb has been able to include a great many more unpublished letters to Albuerne which increase the interest of the guesswork.

In his introduction he tells for the first time the full story of Proust's obsessive interest in a young society belle before he had ever seen her, or of his eventual disappointment. This is a typically Proustian variant of Stendhal's theory of "imagination crystallization". Proust's imagination is already, so to speak, in a saturated state. "To Albuerne he writes to May. 'Je regrette que je n'aie pas pu aller à Paris, car j'aurais pu vous dire que j'étais amoureux de vous.'"

This is one of the most interesting volumes yet. Professor Kolb continues to show us, with gratitude and admiration for his editing, which is a work of scholarship, his intense passion, as always, picks out and puts in the interesting things to look at. The 1909 volume, with the novel at last getting under weigh, may prove more interesting yet.

have compromised about it just as far as was necessary to keep it afloat and I think poetry has been compromised just to that extent.

That was in 1927. All correspondence between Eliot and Graves ceased until 1946. Graves received himself to having no literary friends, except of course Laura Riding, but he does not emerge from his letters as being essentially a quarrelsome man. His great quality is innocence, expressed to the world as bumpiness and indiscretion. These letters are, almost without exception, most engaging. It is a pity that there can be no Graves-Riding correspondence: they were too close to mingle souls with letters.

Steyn, Laura's literary aunt, writes to Eliot, and at the end, we have an exchange with the domineering Lewis, who seemed to Graves to be, as Lynette Roberts was, all right. O'Prey's title comes from the lines He continues quick and dull in his clear images.

I continue slow and sharp in my broken images.
He is in a new confusion of his understanding.
I in a new understanding of my confusion, he being everybody else.

quelque trou." Why did these dreams focus on Mlle de Goyon? Kolb points out the literary and aristocratic connections of her name, which features in the *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* and the *Mémoires de Gotha*. Proust's campaign to get her began in March. In June he saw her at a reception; ten days later he told Albuerne:

Sache . . . que j'ai enfin été présenté à Mlle de Goyon, cela a été pour moi une émotion énorme, je croyais que j'allais tomber, mais aussi assez grande déception, car de près elle ne m'a pas si bien et un peu agaçante des qu'elle parle, de plus coquette qu'aimable. Je vais repenser plus tranquillement à elle, toutes mes idées sont un peu mélangées.

The Marcel of the novel lives through his imaginative vicissitudes in slower motion, but the parallel is obvious. So Kolb warns against following Gilberte, Albertine, and others with male models. Justin O'Brien was the first to draw attention to the number of girls' names with masculine equivalents. Harry Levin asked whether we were to suppose that Françoise was based on a male model called François. Jean Sanvictor revealed that François was at first the name of Jean's mistress; its transfer to the servant of *A la recherche* had to do, of course, with her pen-name, typically French trick. As more became known about Proust's homosexuality, the assumption of male models gained ground. George Painter argued for an emascinate Proust. Kolb observes that there is not much sex in Proust's daydream about "jeunes filles"; in Marcel's, of course, there is.

The letters make it quite clear that Proust had, by 1908, a reputation for homosexuality. Again, and again he protests and denies; his overt call of the "jeune fille" may have been part of the smoke-screen, as the vanishing of love-affairs was for Charles in the novel. Proust needs to question a telegraph-boy about his job and his life, presumably in the interests of his "roman parisien". Albuerne recommends one, saying he is no boy, but Proust scolds Albuerne: "Plaisanterie sur le genre de son écriture que tu n'as pas avec lui, qui est si futile et cet idéal que je ne suis pas venu. Hélas! Je voudrais que tu sois sûr que tu n'as pas eu de telles idées sur moi. En tout cas ce serait plus explicite, puisque tout de même l'ont dit de moi." The same anxiety is shown in letters to Emmanuel Bibesco, Marcel Planhol, Georges de Laros as well as in several others to Albuerne.

This is one of the most interesting volumes yet. Professor Kolb continues to show us, with gratitude and admiration for his editing, which is a work of scholarship, his intense passion, as always, picks out and puts in the interesting things to look at. The 1909 volume, with the novel at last getting under weigh, may prove more interesting yet.

The solitary and authentic vision

By Frank Tuohy

JAMES HANLEY

Against the Stream

256pp. André Deutsch. £6.95.

0 233 974 58 X

Against the Stream is a reprint of a novel first published in 1951 with the equally forgettable title *The House in the Valley*. Under the author's pseudonym "Patric Shone" it was accepted by its publishers as a promising first attempt and treated by reviewers on the same basis. In fact, it was James Hanley's seventeenth novel and represented an attempt to establish a new reputation in middle life. The experiment was unsuccessful, and the following year *The Closed Harbour*, one of his best books, was issued under his own name.

Hanley is now eighty. *Against the Stream* seems to be the only one of his books in print, and there must be few readers who could give a proper judgment on his large output of novels. In the past he has been praised by Henry Green, Herbert Read and John Cowper Powys; C. P. Snow described him as "one of the most important of living authors, unsurpassed in qualities of humanity, compassion and sheer power".

Snow himself had a pronounced dislike to the three fortunate enough to have committed a first novel that he approved of: you write one novel every two years and after ten years — or was it ten novels? — you were famous. Being famous would mean finding a class of readers outside the literary world. For this, surely, one would need some

quality beyond hard work and persistence. Perhaps it might be described as "knowingness", though Snow would have preferred "authenticity". It is a quality that Hanley entirely lacks. He describes himself as a solitary, who has never bothered to make himself known on the literary circuit. Perhaps only in the period between the two World Wars would a writer of such temperament have embarked on a career as a novelist, creating his effects from the deepest levels of personal experience. As a result he belongs to that class of writers whose merits are often over-estimated, but whose novels require a distinct effort to confront: a class which includes Mark Rutherford, perhaps, or Glasing or Theodore Dreiser. Indeed, in an autobiographical passage, he describes himself as "Hanley, clunky realist in off-Dreiserian prose, naive and touchy about style."

"Realist", though, is a dodgy word to use when describing any of his writing. At first glance, he appeared to be the ideal proletarian type much sought after in the 1930s. One reviewer told him how fortunate he was not to be burdened with the handicap of an old school tie or beset by the beauties of cultured country houses — themes which had a prominent place in her own work. Certainly Hanley's credentials appeared to be impeccable. Born in Dublin, he had gone to sea as a cabin boy at the age of fourteen, and enlisted in the Canadian Army while still under age. After the First World War, he lived a hermit's existence, worked as a railway storeman and educated himself with music and great books. His first novel appeared in 1930. His second, *Boy*, ran into trouble with the censor, was banned,

and earned praise from T. E. Lawrence; later it had a sort of half-life in Paris bookshops.

Hanley kept himself apart from the group associated with what he called Bright Writing. He wrote disparagingly of "a literary bogeyman standing on Wigan Pier, since duly canonized". His own fiction, of course, bears no trace of the "Bright Writer's" version of pastoral, the patronizing relationship of one social class mimicking another. From one writer of this period, though, Henry Green, he adopted a few idiosyncrasies of style and an eccentric system of punctuation.

In his book *The Novels of James Hanley*, the Australian critic Edward Stokes has provided a notably dispassionate account of Hanley's development as a writer. Stokes sees the earlier work as belonging to the nineteenth century in technique, extremely uneven, with a gloominess unrelieved by humour and dialogue that is literary and artificial at important moments. In accordance with Snow's Law, however, it earned the novelist a certain reputation. This did not lead to popularity or large sales, and so there was no public to please. Moving from publisher to publisher, Hanley could indulge in formal experiments. From the time of the Second World War, *No Directions* and *Sailor's Song* show him trying to create a rhapsodic prose, possibly on the basis of musical structure. Among Hanley's finest passages is the first chapter of *No Directions*, in which the drunk sailor tramping on the glass of blitzed shop windows believes he is among the arctic ice. In general, though, Hanley's characteristic lack of specific detail makes his description less evocative of the times than the work

of other novelists dealing with similar scenes.

A shortage of specifics, too, strikes the reader of *Against the Stream*. But the atmosphere is entirely different. For the first time, humour and charm, though not always present, are not far off: perhaps the mask of a pseudonym allowed the novelist to free himself a little from the grip of his own sincerity. Most of all, it shows a master of his craft writing with ease and confidence.

The central figure is Robert, a boy of seven. His mother, Elizabeth Mortimer, from a faded county family in the north of England, has married a temporary officer, Dolphin, during the Second World War. She abandons him and her son and goes off to Italy with a lover, Dolphin, a long-distance lorry driver, dies in bed beside his son. The first chapter shows the boy journeying north to stay with his grandparents, accompanied by Thomas, the Welsh manservant. Apart from Gabriel and his wife, the Mortimer family consists of an unrocked clergyman, an ex-officer, a widow, and a manish spinster interested in dogs and horses. The bulk of the story deals with Robert's relationship with this utterly egocentric bunch, and the climax comes when Mrs Dolphin, his paternal grandmother, an old cockney lady, comes to rescue him.

Part of the pleasure of reading *Against the Stream* derives from the reminiscences of classic novels: the journeying boy cross-questioned by the sinister Thomas, out of Dickens or Henry James; the Mortimers themselves, bone-idle but with indelible routines, suggest the Golevov family of Shchedrin, whereas Mrs

Dolphin could come from Wells or Bennett. The only contemporary touch is in the occasionally sentimental treatment of the rebellious child; the early post-war period produced a number of fictional brats of this type.

Hanley's ability to impose his vision with the minimum of description is shown even more forcefully in the novel which followed this one, *The Closed Harbour*. Here the setting is Marseilles and the central character Marius, a sea captain who has lost two ships in peculiar circumstances. He declines into madness is watched by his sister, his unloving mother, a religious hunchback, a good-hearted tart and one or two others.

The singular element in this very distinguished novel is that, while reading it, one has no idea whether Hanley has lived in France and speaks French as a second language, or whether he has never visited the country and is merely looking at the sea of old Jean Gabin films. Marius's wanderings through the city as he descends into madness are unaffected by this: contingent facts have been burned away by the obsessive power of Hanley's vision.

In his book on Hanley, Edward Stokes quotes William Faulkner to some effect: "If the writer concentrates on what he does need to be interested in, which is the truth and the human heart, he won't have much time left for anything else, such as ideas and facts." "Truth" and "the human heart" are difficult as critical concepts. But a reading of *Against the Stream* and *The Closed Harbour* alone convinces one that they are the products of a literary talent of unusual force, and an entirely authentic vision.

The outsider inside

By Peter Kemp

DAVID MALOUF

Child's Play

With Eustace and The Prowler

215pp. Chatto and Windus. £5.50.

0 7011 3902 1

One of David Malouf's characters experiences "a dreamlike sense of everything having too sharp a focus". It's a phenomenon a reader of this book also gets to know, extremely well. Surprisingly, the world of *Child's Play* projects, like one where details have a hallucinatory vividness and patterns stand out with stark clarity: only significance remains creepily opaque.

Like the dream that regularly perverts their characters, the short novel and two stories gathered here are intensely enigmatic. Though geographically a world apart — Italy is the background to the novel, Australia to the stories — all three fictions cover the same imaginative ground. Whatever the ostensible setting, Malouf's locales invariably turn out to be disorientating mazes, full of echoing de Chirico perspectives and *redupliques* of Magritte effects.

Ranged in cryptic symmetries around them, the same types recur. Particularly favoured is the threatening solitary, some ominous loner endowed with "the ambiguous gift of singularity". Central to these three pieces are, respectively, an outsider, an intruder, and an interloper. Anti-social figures, they are often cast as shadows of respectability: dark, distorted counterparts that people in the well-lit public world are unable to shake off.

The young terrorist who narrates the novel *Child's Play*, for instance, seems somehow conjured up by the grand old man of letters he is hunting down. This writer, rather obviously based on Thomas Mann, specializes in investigating dubious qualities, clandestine affinities between the decent and disreputable. Both pagan sensualist and a grim apostle of "rule and order", he is grim with destructive passions — madness,

perversion, the flight into illness — to test his own capacity to resist; to call up the correlation and tracing forces that add texture to his work". His fiction is an attempt to hold "a delicate balance between moral strictness and a disarming openness to the destructiveness of things". One of his books, an imaginative disquisition on the sewers of Rome, counterpoints the above-ground splendours of civic achievement and the murky, miasmic labyrinths they rest upon.

Politicists of this kind magnetize Malouf's attention. Conformity, community, security are repeatedly set against anarchy, loneliness, danger. Obsessively, his work juxtaposes order and disturbance, light and dark. Those positives and negatives

can unexpectedly change places. And stay in Malouf's stories the powerful attraction of poles is used to generate some shock effects. In "Eustace", a trespassing misfit slides into the dormitory of a decorous girls' school, pacing eerily round the raftered beds, fantasizing among dreaming children.

When the girls awake, he is not denounced, because, until menace breaks through, make-believe, he satisfies "their own hunger for fairy-tale". Similarly, in "The Prowler", a placid and affluent suburb is infiltrated by a sexual maniac. Soon, however, he comes to seem a weird externalization of disruptive urges lurking inside law-abiding citizens. Reports of his behaviour, multiplylog fantastically, take on bizarre, semi-

Fifty years on: the forgotten Soulié

The TLS of May 19, 1932, carried the following review by John Haycraft of Frédéric Soulié by Harold March:

Many reputations have been buried and forgotten in the cemetery of Père Lachaise; few can have been so utterly forgotten as that of Melchior Frédéric Soulié. A little less than a hundred years ago it was the natural thing for a critic to compare him, and moreover, to compare him favourably, with his contemporary, Balzac. Now not one of his two hundred novels, dramas and stories is remembered. Fate has been unkind, though not unjust: to this man, who dissipated the little genuine talent he possessed in a frenzied attempt to earn money, popularity and fame with an astonishingly facile pen. It is, indeed, a melancholy reflection that the only immortality he should have found for all his pains is a study of his life and works in the academic publications of an American university.

Soulié's life coincided with one of the most interesting periods in the history of French life and letters. He was born in 1800; his youth was passed in the excitement of the Restoration and the Romantic revival; and he died, at the age of forty-seven, just as the powers which had

revealed patterns. False prophets proliferate humbly, as deviance is carbon-copied. Finally, the investigating officer, symbol of authority and reassurance — "a sort of prowler in reverse" — emerges as the prime suspect.

Malouf's fiction opts for dreamlike stylization. Through the-looking-glass reflections and refractions turn his work into something like a hall of mirrors. Twisted likenesses loom everywhere: doubles, doppelgängers, secret sharers, alter egos. But the high degree of similarity between the various figures is only attained by a low degree of individual characterization. In these works, even proper names are rationed: shunned down to the hono of type — "the woman",

Dumas] à cette scierie mécanique, au milieu de ces cent ouvriers qui diraient d'un aigle de tête, d'un geste de la main, et qu'il commandait d'une voix à la fois douce et ferme, affectueuse et puissante.

In this most unpoetical situation he made money enough to support himself until he found a medium that really suited him — the feuilleton column of the daily Press. In a sense he may be said to have invented this popular feature, when he discovered in himself the dangerous gift of prolonging a story indefinitely. Apparently he could have gone on for ever; for he admits that he only turned the tap off, as it were, when he realized that the interests of his readers were beginning to flag. Besides writing innumerable *feuilletons* and collecting them into volumes, he finished eight two-volume novels, three plays, and contributed innumerable articles and reviews to the Press in the space of four years. He had found, moreover, in sensationalism, the royal road to popularity: "Les Deux Cadavres" — this awe-inspiring romance, written by an iron pen, dipped in human gore — was a contemporary English critic — was instantly successful.

Still more successful were the eight

"the boy", "the son", — the *châtiments* are "psychologically anorectic". And their under-nourishment is particularly pointed up by the fact that the backgrounds they are silhouetted against are portrayed with great fullness. Here, lavish detail is stamped sharply on the mind's eye. The Italian scene especially is captured with inventive accuracy: as when, for example, Malouf writes of a piazza suddenly flooded with sunshine after heavy rain: "the square was full of picnics of sky with pigeons tipping at them or splashing up broken glass". Mirroring the natural world in this glittering fashion, *Child's Play* shows a poetic talent that is at its best when trained outwards rather than diffused in shadowy reflections of the doubts and of the psyche.

volumes of "Mémoires du Diable", which appeared in 1836. But by this time it must have been clear, and perhaps even he realized, that he had sold himself body and soul to the devil of his own invention. For whatever talent Soulié possessed was ruined by the task he had set himself, of turning out, day by day, page after page of slovenly, unreviewed fiction. And yet he obtained what he wanted, and what, after all, he deserved — money and unlimited popularity; and he had made the Devil safe for democracy.

St M. Frédéric Soulié n'a pas inventé le diable, il l'a du moins singulièrement perfectionné. Aujourd'hui, grâce au progrès, Satan est un être supportable, et qui cause agréablement et se présente convenablement en société.

But there were the inevitable repercussions. Soulié was accused of exercising an immoral influence on his readers, and he earned a most unwelcome notoriety in connection with the Lafarge murder case. Furthermore, he had set a fashion which other writers were to continue with an even greater discretion. With the publication in 1842 of Suo's "Mystères de Paris", Soulié's brief spell of fame had ended.

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Mythmaker to the tribe

By Peter Hebblethwaite

EAMON DUFFY (Editorial: Chaloners and His Church: A Catholic Bishop in Georgian England. 203pp. Darton, Longman and Todd. £9.95. 0 232 51527 1.

Of Bishop Richard Challoner (1691-1781) it may justly be said that he opened the boring for English Catholics in the eighteenth century. His office of "Apostolic Vicar" - a title of that Archbishop of Westminster - meant that he was theoretically responsible for half the country, not to mention the colonies of North America and the West Indies and, eventually, Canada as well. It was an impossible task.

Challoner was consecrated Bishop on January 29, 1741, feast of St Francis de Sales, whom he admired as the model of the post-Tridentine Bishop. His rule over the turbulent English Catholics thus lasted for forty years. "Rule" puts it too strongly. His powers were few. He was constantly at odds with the nine ambassadors who, when not at war, allowed their embassy chapels to be used as parish churches for the 20,000 Catholics of London. He hired the chaplains, some of whom were drunken sons. One was certainly married. Things were no better in the provinces where the Catholic gentry claimed the right to appoint their own chaplains. And to make matters worse, half of Challoner's clergy were religious. There were some Benedictines and Franciscans, but most of them were Jesuits whom Challoner did not like. It was a disarming scene. In 1780 the Gordon anti-popey riots erupted and caused 285 deaths. Challoner retired to the country with his most gloomy forebodings confirmed.

Bishop Challoner was an important historical figure. But equally clearly, he was a dull man of average abilities. This is what most of the nine authors of this commemorative volume are really saying. (One-third of them, including the editor, are from Magdalene College, Cambridge: a combination-room plot?) Eamon Duffy notes that unlike his contemporary Charles Wesley, Challoner "had little enterprise; faced with a difficult pastoral situation his instinct was to stick to the rules or to ask for guidance from Rome". Duffy's comments on his style are trenchant and revealing. Challoner wrote a prodigious number of words in his life - mostly devotional works like *Think well on* or controversial tracts like *The Unerring Authority of the Catholic Church in Matters of Faith and Conscience* against the Methodists. As can be seen, he was no pioneer of the "ecumenical movement". His style, says Duffy, is that of "the first-rate jobbing carpenter in command of his tools, but disapproving of imaginative fiddles". Richard Luckett, a literary critic, confirms this judgment and pronounces Challoner's style to be "functional". He compares him, somewhat improbably, with V. I. Lenin, "whose style is devoid of literary graces and wholly uninteresting from an aesthetic or even a technical point of view".

In addition to having a boring style, Challoner could be exceedingly obstinate. This is indicated by P. Geoffrey Holt, SJ, who makes the point through the following admirable list: "He was clearly a saintly man and a man of zeal, but also, as is uncommon with saintly, zealous men, a man of strongly held opinions." Challoner, all nine authors tell us, was admirable but limited. He regarded Anglicans and Dissenters as potential material for conversion; otherwise he did not meet them. He was utterly dedicated and totally humourless. Duffy writes: "He had no interests outside religion." His dying word was "charity", by which he did not mean that episode of which St Paul speaks but the money for the poor he had in his pocket. To call him "conservative" would be a grotesque understatement.

ment. His whole apologetic case rested on conservatism: where, he asked, was Mr Luther's Church before the Reformation, and if it had not existed, how could God's promises of being with his Church to the end of time be fulfilled? As Sheridan Gilley puts it: "It was not, however, Challoner's aim to originate or create anew. Rather, in a dry season, he sought to preserve his well." Curious though the expression is, it hits off the essential Challoner.

So perhaps the explanation of the importance of Challoner is that he simply happened to be there and in charge in an age when tolerance was growing and the penal laws were fast becoming a dead letter. But there is little evidence that Challoner perceived what was going on or read the signs of the times with any perspicacity. John Bossy's superb chapter on the Marriage Act of 1753 shows Challoner to have been completely at sea. The Act, designed to prevent "clandestine marriages", said that the local Anglican vicar should act as registrar in the case of all marriages. Bossy argues that this was a concession that Challoner could have made, given that in Catholic theology the spouses are themselves the true ministers of the sacrament and that the vicar would have been acting in a civil capacity merely. This poses the wider question: were English Catholics to choose the path of assimilation to society generally; or were they aggressively to assert their difference? Challoner chose the latter course. His policy was continued until Cardinal Basil Hume (who provides an introduction to this book) succeeded Cardinal John Carroll in 1800.

Challoner provided the English Catholic "tribe" with its myths. He wrote the *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*. He had difficulty fitting the Jesuits into the heroic story. It was ironic that he should appeal to the spirit of the Elizabethan martyrs at the very moment when martyrdom (Gordon riots apart) was an extremely unlikely prospect. On this nearly all our authors do a double shuffle. They are members of the new generation of Catholic historians, tough and outspoken, lay rather than clerical, inspired by Jean Delumeau rather than by Fr Herbert Thurston. They detect in Challoner's forty years a transition to the new and varied Catholicism that was to come in the nineteenth century, when the Irish potato famine supplied the Indian masses and the Oxford Movement provided the defeating Church of England chiefs. Challoner, one suspects, would have been utterly bewildered, and would have understood neither Cardinal Manning nor Cardinal Newman.

West Marchers

By Claire Cross

SCOTT MICHAEL HARRISON *The Pilgrimage of Grace in the Lake Country, 1536-7*. 160pp. Royal Historical Society. £13 (Available to members direct from Swift Printers (Publishing) Ltd, 1-7, EC1M 6RE, London 1) 01030 81 4.

Although almost half a century has elapsed since the publication of the monumental work by M. H. and R. Dodds, historians have only relatively recently begun considering the causes of the Pilgrimage of Grace and the revolts in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire to de-throne the Pannassian. The rising was not pre-empted by the same analysis, a neglect which this scholarly monograph goes far to rectify.

In the early Tudor period the countries of Westmorland and Cumberland with north Lancashire constituted a veritable dark corner of the land, geographically isolated,

But as Cardinal Wiseman noted in an article in the *Dublin Review*, Challoner had supplied English Catholics with everything they needed: devotional works, handbooks of meditations, treatises on moral questions, a new translation of the Bible (best forgotten), controversial works to help them refute the Protestants, and heroic folk-tales about "our fathers chained in prisons dark" who were "still in heart and conscience free". Fr Frederick Faber's hymn captures the nonconformist spirit of English Catholicism before emancipation. Wiseman was writing in 1842. Challoner was read and re-read for about a hundred years after his death. Then he ceased to be read and ceased to be an influence.

If there is one exception to this rule, it is *The Garden of the Soul*, published into the 1960s. Like most of Challoner's work it was a compilation and extremely practical. It was addressed to Catholics "of the middling sort".

A study of the anti-intellectual nature of the education given to English secular priests at the college in Douai where Challoner was student and professor for twenty-five years confirms that science was subordinated to spirituality. Students copied down notes dictated by their professors, and were advised to keep them to hand for future controversial use when they went "on the mission" (ie, back home to England). The students of Douai were more famous for their spectacular binges than for their application to study. Michael Sharritt reports on their rebellion in 1689. They were a quarrelsome lot. They were aggressively John Bullish. Most of them disclaimed to learn French. As Luckett perceptively notes, the English Catholics of the eighteenth century were cut off not only from the mainstream of English culture but also from the European culture that ought, in theory, to have been their compensation for belonging to a universal rather than a national Church. But Roderick O'Donnell shows that Anglicans had better contacts with baroque architecture than Roman Catholics ever did.

It is a reasonable bet that Pope John Paul will make some reference to the work of Bishop Challoner should his visit to this country go ahead this month. He will speak of the two-hundredth anniversary of Challoner's death - last year - and of his significance for English Catholicism. He would be well advised to read this book in order to avoid the more obvious pitfalls. It would also persuade him, if he need be, that the romantic nostalgia of *Brideshead Revisited* does not exhaust the rich potential of English Catholicism.

poor, lawless and a prey to incursions by the Scots. Population growth in the sixteenth century imposed extra strains on a largely inhospitable terrain which even in good years produced insufficient grain to feed its inhabitants. The great ecclesiastical and lay landlords, determined to increase their income in a time of inflation, added yet more to the sufferings of many tenants. A breakdown in government further intensified the problems of the area when in 1534 Henry VIII dismissed the popular William Lord Dacre from his office as warden of the West March, replacing him with the rival, the remote and incompetent earl of Cumberland, who went on to display none of his predecessor's zeal for combating the Scots. The church, weakened by pluralism and non-residence, personal scandals and corruption, for its part could do nothing to help keep the peace.

Given the overall deprivation of the region, the widespread harvests of 1535 and 1536 might well have generated riots whatever the political circumstances. Scott Michael Harrison, nevertheless, convincingly argues that the rebellion in the north-west should be regarded as an integral part of the Pilgrimage of

Grace and not dismissed as a rising caused solely by economic factors which happened to coincide with a differently motivated Yorkshire revolt. While he concedes that the Cumberland and Westmorland rebels put most stress upon their material grievances, forcing their landlords to restore old forms of tenure and to raise rents and ecclesiastical offices, he believes that they shared a common cause in seeking a return to an idealized past when landowners profited from the church's faithfulness and feudal lords led the host against the hereditary foe. The supreme irony for the backward-looking peasants came in the spring of 1537 when their beloved Lord Dacre rallied to the crown, and so defeated all their hopes.

Mr Harrison's contribution to the study of the Pilgrimage of Grace lies not so much in a novel re-interpretation as in the new degrees of emphasis he gives to events in the north-west. Very useful in this regard is his attention to the depth of conservatism in this distant and turbulent region which the Tudor government set on a course of unrestrained change, unintentionally exposed

The burgesses' beliefs

By Edward Playfair

MICHAEL LYNCH *Edinburgh and the Reformation*. 416pp. Edinburgh: John Donald. £18. 0 85976 069 3.

This interesting book is a product of the academic age of gold: a palmary example of pure research for its own sake or, at least, for the sake of a doctorate. Michael Lynch tells us that it was twelve years in the making. It was not inspired by local patriotism, but by a suggestion in London from A. G. Dickens that this was a worthwhile subject. The author duly gained his PhD and thereafter went on with his research, aided by numerous grants. (Lord Rothschild need not worry, since the SSRC, which he is now examining, was not among the contributors.) Further grants enabled the book to be published, most handsomely and with full detail, at a reasonable price; and Dr Lynch is now a lecturer in Scottish History at Edinburgh, one hopes with tenure. It is an excellent pre-Joseph story with a happy ending.

Edinburgh at the time of the Reformation was the largest burgh in Scotland and in other respects the most important. It had the Castle at one end, the Canongate (not then part of the burgh) and Holyrood at the other, and lawyers living in between. It was subject to political and religious pressures of every kind. Lynch's purposes is to show what effect these pressures had on the burgesses and council of Edinburgh and how they reacted to them. He covers, with certain deliberate gaps, the period from the 1530s to 1585, and his major tool here is the book's real originality: a prosopography. He has tracked down influential wives, and so far as possible he has identified their craft, career, offices, wealth and religious and political sympathies. At the climactic point of the civil war between the Queen's party in Edinburgh and the King's in Leith, he believes that he has traced about three-quarters of the Queen's party (easier to run down because when they were defeated action was taken against them) and one-quarter of the King's. It is a fine achievement, and thanks to his publishers and those grunts, several of the lists on which he bases his work and a number of Who's Whos are set out for the use of future historians in more than 160 pages of appendices.

Dr Lynch hopes that his work will upset a number of myths. It should do so, because his findings are more detailed than anything done before; and, though infinitely complicated in detail, are in general what one might expect in the Edinburgh tradition might expect. Individual status, interest, motive, practice and belief varied widely. Some combinations are unexpected, like the views of one burgess, brought up a Catholic like everyone else, who said that he was convinced by the doctrine of the reformed church, but that nothing would persuade him to take its communion. One thing only united them, in words which Lynch quotes from Calderwood, their devotion to the "religion of Edinburgh... their particular".

From early on there was a Protestant Militant Tendency, and till fairly late there were a number of private Catholics and more Catholics. Wives, not personally responsible for the governance of the burgh, were often more extreme in either direction. The middle ground in the Council tried to keep the balance, more by inclusion than by exclusion: there was never a movement to expel Militant, but their numbers were limited. Even during the civil war, some merchants lent money to both sides, but in the long run the victory of the King's party led to greater uniformity. The impression one gets is that of A. C. Benson's remark: "Insects, when a stone was lifted, process looks, and a great waste of energy, one knows perfectly well that they dislike interference, want their stone back, and prefer to go on holding unseemly."

The first myth, therefore, that Lynch wants to suppress is that of simplicity and uniformity: a regular progress towards a godly society. The leaders of the burgh, until war came and they had to take sides, did their best, quite successfully, to accommodate in the burgh's interest with whatever rulers they had. The second is the more celebrated myth of John Knox as the leader of Edinburgh Protestants, a myth which he propagated with vigour. That he was a national leader and propagandist is undoubted, and Edinburgh was proud to have him as its minister. But, as minister of Edinburgh, his record is rather less impressive. For one thing, he was often not there: sometimes he left on preaching tours and sometimes because he had to. When he was in Edinburgh, his intransigence often embarrassed those Protestant burgesses whose job it was to accommodate. They tended to go their middle and conservative way, leaving him to Militant. To quote the old proverb which one of Lynch's characters used in another context, from the burgh's point of view it was like the shearing of hogs: much cry but little wool. Knox was the blunderer; the real sheep-shearer, Andrew Melville, does not come directly into this Edinburgh story, though his influential views emerge as an issue towards the end.

This is not an easy book to read. In spite of a wave of the hand in the foreword to "the ordinary reader" it is a specialist's treatise in a narrow subject. It is densely written, and Lynch takes for granted a thorough prior knowledge of the general Scottish history of the period and of burgh and kirk session organization. It is a political, not an institutional, history, with sudden and hardly explained gaps where there is nothing much to say about Edinburgh's distinct from national, political or economic, great and fascinating detail about 1559, where he has dug up much new material; and an excellent account of the civil war between Edinburgh and Leith in 1571-2, but hardly anything about the period between 1567 and 1570, which covers the abdication, defeat and flight of Queen Mary and the regency and murder of Mary; stirring times, but mostly outside Edinburgh. On the institutional side, no account is given of the decreet-arbitral of April 1583 which gave the burgh a revised constitution, or of its immediate breach by the King although he had acted as overman of the arbitration; important as this event was, it occurred right at the end of Dr Lynch's story. Primarily, therefore, this is a book for specialists, among whom it should give rise to useful discussion.

The Parnassian pedigree

By Philip Sherrard

C. A. TRYPANIS *Greek Poetry From Homer to Seferis*. 896pp. Faber. £25. 0 571 08346 3.

The theme of the continuity of Greek culture has preoccupied countless scholars, travellers, dilettantes and eccentrics at large, Greek and non-Greek, at least since the time when Gemistos Plethon began to dream of establishing a new state of the Hellenes in the heart of the Peloponnese in the years shortly preceding the fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453. Where non-Greeks are concerned, this preoccupation has been coloured, even conditioned, by their vision of classical Greece and so by their determination both to find traces of what they have taken to be ancient Greek civilization in the modern Greek world and to foist this vision on to the modern Greeks themselves. In the case of the Greeks, it has tended to have the more practical aim of constructing an image of what constitutes their national identity, although the terms in which for the most part they have attempted to do this have been successful European classical scholarship has been in promoting among them the notion that Hellas is the norm and exemplar of Western civilization.

Naturally, the constitutive features of this ancient Hellas have themselves depended upon the criteria of relevance that scholars have chosen to apply and so have shifted from generation to generation; and these shifts in their turn have bedevilled the efforts of Greeks to establish their identity according to a consis-

tent model. It is indicative of this bedevilling that the so-called Constitution of Epidauros, issued in 1822, one year after the outbreak of the Greek War of Independence, was written in a form of Greek that only a handful of Western-educated Greek intellectuals could fully understand, and proposed for the resurgent Greece a polity based on what was thought to be that of Athens in the fifth century BC.

In one sense, C. A. Trypanis's massive work is evidence that preoccupation with this cultural continuity is far from being a thing of the past. I do not mean by this that it is a work of ethnic propaganda, or is filled with that kind of sentimental ancestor-worship that has long been denounced by so many Greek writers, or does anything so silly as to suggest that the quality of poetry must be assessed according to classical standards, whatever these may be. In fact, Professor Trypanis is perhaps over-cautious in his concern not to make any claim that could be attributed to an over and simplistic chauvinism. But the opening sentence of his preface, in which he speaks of "that long, uninterrupted course" which Greek poetry has followed from Homer to the present day, as well as his later statements that "Greek poetry constitutes the longest uninterrupted tradition of the Western world" and that Homer "constitutes the longest uninterrupted educational tradition in the Western world", all demonstrate how benedictory and compelling the theme of cultural continuity continues to be. It is not that these statements are untrue. But implicit in them is an assertion of a historical perspective that gives the concept of Hellenism a significance which links the ancient, medieval and modern Greek worlds, and so provides a kind of charter in accordance with which the pedigree

of Greek cultural identity over a period of three thousand years can be affirmed.

The claim that "Greek poetry constitutes the longest uninterrupted tradition of the Western world" is certainly true if, as is the case in this book, the sole criterion of what constitutes poetic tradition is a linguistic one: poetry has been written in the Greek language for a greater number of years than it has been written in any other Western language. But can one define poetic tradition simply in linguistic terms? Surely poetic tradition, if it is to mean anything, must include components other than language. It must be the expression of a certain sensibility, of a certain way of apprehending reality, of a certain mode of response to the issues of life and death that stamp the poetry with a recognizable ethos and limbre. Yet as soon as the concept of tradition is thus broadened the whole question of what poetry in Greek over the past three thousand years constitutes a tradition is again thrown into the melting-pot. For what, apart from language, is the affinity between Aeschylus and Vitsentzos Kornaros that permits one to speak of them as belonging to the same poetic tradition? Or between Symeon the New Theologian and Constantine Cavafy? With respect to what, once the linguistic factor has been removed, can the course of Greek poetry from the ancient to the Byzantine world be described as uninterrupted?

And, conversely, might it not be affirmed that the *Georgics* or even some of the works of John Clare are far more truly in the tradition of Hesiod's *Works and Days* than anything written subsequently in the Greek language? A contemporary of the Nobel Laureate Odysseus Elytis, has written that what characterizes the poetry which

he would recognize as belonging to the Greek poetic tradition is "the just correlation of the physical and the spiritual world". In the terms in which he conceives this criterion he could well argue that Homer and Seferis belong to the same tradition. But by virtue of the same criterion he would be bound to exclude from participation in the Greek poetic tradition, with his purely linguistic criterion, identifies as its members. And, correspondingly, he might feel obliged to include among those writing in the Greek poetic tradition poets who do not write in Greek at all.

What in effect this means is that in the absence of criteria which allow one to affirm a certain inner affinity of outlook or sensibility relating the poets of a particular poetic tradition, one is forced to resort to what one might call exterior or accidental categories, and to give them a significance that is overriding. But one can do this only on condition that one fragments tradition as understood in the deeper sense of a sharing of common values and a common spiritual orientation, and substitutes for it the purely historical succession of well-defined epochs or cultural contexts that have no real organic link one with the other. This is the method that Trypanis has had to adopt. He has divided the whole three thousand year period into five parts: Ancient Greece, the Hellenistic Age, the Byzantine World, the Greeks under the Turks, and Modern Greece; and he has then subdivided each part into a number of sections. Each part has its own introduction, which sketches the bare historical background of the period it covers; and each section is then prefaced in its turn by a brief description of the main features, stylistic and other, of the particular form of poetry to which it is devoted.

Having established this overall framework, he considers the poetry itself within each section according to a strictly chronological sequence, and a few biographical details of each poet are first given, and this is followed by a list of the works he or she produced, with a brief discussion of the contents of these works should they be thought to deserve it. There is only one quotation longer than a single line in the whole book - it is taken from Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*, and is perhaps accorded this honour because Trypanis regards it as embracing the finest lines in the entire corpus of Greek poetry, although he does not specify a much.

The essential value of the book is that it fulfils the role of a companion or guide to Greek poetry. That is to say, it is not so much a book about the poetry as such as it is a kind of compendium in which the reader can find, gathered together and set out with admirable scholarship and clarity, an adequate minimum of what he needs to know

Tittle and tattle

By Oliver Taplin

MARY R. LEFKOWITZ *The Lives of the Greek Poets*. 187pp. Duckworth. £18. 0 7136 0590 4.

Many readers, face to face with a page of great poetry, panic like one marooned on an unknown planet. To find the bearings which show them that they are after all safe at home on Earth, they tend to look to a "biography" of the poet, not a social and intellectual history of his times but anecdotes about his childhood, friends, sex life, financial difficulties, divorces and death. One might well regard this craving for little-tattle as recourse to the dummy rather than the strong milk of literature; but the falling is nothing new. In antiquity it was standard practice for a work of literature to be accompanied by at least one *Vita*, and these are prefaced prominently to the early printings of the classics; and as vernacular authors gained recognition they too had to acquire a *Vita*. The biography presented as a necessary preliminary to opening the poetry. While at the hands of a Dr Johnson the genre might rise from the mire, it has generally remained at the same gaudy level as the Greek precursors (which are usefully translated as appendices to Mary Lefkowitz's new book).

Modern biographies of writers, of both verse and prose, have grown out of mere "introductions" and become volumes in their own right. I sometimes have the nightmarish impression that everyone in the metropolitan world of letters is writing literary biography, that they fill the bookshops while the poetry shelf diminishes; that the *TLS* is a Supplement swollen with gossip while six volumes of new verse are squeezed into a short notice. "By diligent nosing I have identified the Dark Lord of the Hobbis as an alien from called Rose, one-time lover of D. H.

Lawrence". "Sir, - I know from personal practice that the late Bloomsbury Backbite was not a sodomite/Leavisite" etc.

Much ancient poetry has likewise been read by the marshlight of what people thought they knew about the poet's lives. Sophocles was pious, Euripides unorthodox and so forth. A growing scepticism has now led to *The Lives of the Greek Poets* where Mary Lefkowitz looks hard at the biographies of nine major poets - Homer, Hesiod, Archilochus, Pindar, the three great tragedians, Aristophanes and Callimachus - and of a handful of lesser names. It is a careful searching look, and the "Lives" crumble before it. Not a lot is as fabulous as the story that Pindar fell asleep on Helicon and awoke to find that bees had made a honeycomb in his mouth, but enough is definitely fictional to throw serious doubt on nearly all the rest. The details are drawn, above all, from the poet's own work (the very work they are then supposed to illuminate); thus, for example, Homer narrates being saved by a gadfly's dog, just like Odysseus had to acquire the dogs of Eumenides. Other material comes from the fantasies of comedy, such as the report that the women of Athens plotted at the Thesmophoria against Euripides. Some anecdotes seem to be no more than the kind of thing which ought to have happened to a particular author. Standard motifs often supply a sack which needs stuffing, however fanciful: the child prodigy, professional rivalries, isolation or exile, violent death. Some of the familiar "facts" may even be true - we happen to have an inscription showing that Sophocles came from Colonus so that is not merely an inference from his *Oedipus at Colonus* - but Lefkowitz has administered a large dose of the antidote to credulity.

Why, then, were these tales concocted in the first place? The business was already open in the fifth century BC, and by the second it seems that the great poets were celebrated for the events and places of their "Lives" rather than for their

poetry. I suspect that a remark of Lefkowitz about the *Life* of Euripides is generally applicable: "It would seem best to serve the interests of an audience with some ambition but without the leisure or persistence seriously to acquire culture, and which accordingly would have derived reassurance from the condescending tone of the *Vita*". It is so much easier to slide through a biography than to get to grips with a poem. Great poetry is demanding, even frightening, in its penetration and universality; an entertaining biography cuts the creator down to familiar size.

There is only one place where I disagree strongly with this sensible little book, and that is the opening sentences of its introduction. "If Greek historical writing were as much like ours as we sometimes think, it would be possible to write for Greek poets the careful explanatory biographies that are now being written for nineteenth-century authors. We would know what the poets read and studied, and how they learned to compose verse; where they travelled and when. We would be able to judge with some accuracy why they wrote what they did." But no amount of such circumstantial information, true or false, will ever explain why a poet wrote what he did. That is the very same false pretence which Lefkowitz so relentlessly exposes in the ancient *Lives* - their claim that they can explain the universal and creative and poetic by elaborating the local and temporal particulars of the poet's life. Having called the bluff of the ancients she should not have fallen for the preposterous sales talk of the modern grabbers who claim to "account for" literary achievement. By showing how the author had the same kinds of experience as you and I with parents, schooling, marriage etc, the biographer has precisely failed to explain the creativity and timelessness which make the artist different from all the others. Literary biography remains a fascinating but very minor form of history, with little to offer literary studies.

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BODLEY HEAD

commentary

Earthly delights

By Simon Digby

The Indian Heritage: Court Life and Art under Mughal Rule
India Observed: India as viewed by British Artists, 1760-1860
Victoria and Albert Museum

The Festival of India has engendered an embarrassing number of exhibitions, mostly adequate in their content and cataloguing. The Victoria and Albert Museum is displaying two exhibitions which are outstanding for the quality of the contents, in which many items which cannot be equalled in our public collections have been borrowed. In the case of the first of these exhibitions, important items have come from India, the United States and Eastern Europe. The rather incoherent title *The Indian Heritage: Court Life and Art under Mughal Rule* reflects a reality about the visual arts of South Asia which some find difficult to grasp. The great tradition of sacred art (Hindu/Buddhist/Jain sculpture) had achieved most of its masterpieces before the tenth century AD. Some of these masterpieces we may see in the current exhibition at the Hayward Gallery. On the other hand secular Indian art, which produced objects of great beauty but with little relation to the religious convictions of its patrons, flourished greatly under the Mughal emperors, Muslims of Central Asian origin, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

This tradition produced, apart from many beautiful paintings, some of the most sumptuous decorative objects in the world. Of this visitor to this exhibition (on until August 22) may become aware on entering between dark-coloured carpets with fields inhabited by deer and beasts of prey and dragons and tame elephants with their riders. The orchestration of dark reds in the Mughal carpets and textiles, perceptibly different from Safavid and Ottoman examples of this period, is the dominant and unifying visual image of the exhibition. A few yards beyond the entrance the visitor sees a dimly lit niche, a fiery green carved emerald of 182 carats, beside Imperial jade wine-cups and archers' thumb-rings, and a box and tray of heavy gold covered by sprays of scarlet flowers against a sallow ground of champlevé enamel, this last from the treasures of the tsars at the Hermitage.

Yet if such displays of luxury are dazzling, Mughal India also produced objects of great beauty and sophistication out of humble materials: vessels of copper or brass, or of silver inlaid with silver; cabinets inlaid with ivory chips on teak veneer; and the resplendent, stencilled and painted cotton chintzes so greatly coveted in seventeenth and eighteenth century Europe. Of the last, the highlights of Tipu Sultan's tent, taken in plunder at the end of the eighteenth century and preserved amid the Clive inheritance at Powys Castle, have been erected here. Many visitors appear delighted with the unbridled sensual pleasure of this exhibition, even though the actual display tells off from an initial brilliance to a tatty end; but they are unlikely to realise the care which has gone to securing rare or unique objects which have survived from the past. The catalogue (by Robert Skelton and others, Victoria and Albert Museum, £4.95, 176pp, 0 905 209 206) is a landmark in the classification of Mughal applied art.

India Observed: India as viewed by British Artists 1760-1860 (on until July 5) covers the period of the territorial rule of the East India Company; from Plassey, to the Mutiny, and is an apt successor to the previous exhibition of India under Muslim rule. The pleasure of British painting in India is more gentle than the assault upon the senses of Mughal decorative art. This

is an exotic extension of a native British genre and can be readily appreciated by anyone familiar with British painting, thought and taste of the period.

This is the most comprehensive exhibition yet organized on this theme, with an admirable catalogue (by Mildred Archer and Ronald Lupton, Victoria and Albert Museum in association with Trefoil Books, £3.95, 160pp, 0 905 209 184) which includes essays which explain the intellectual and literary background and the relation between the original paintings and drawings and the possibilities and markets of reproductions. It can be recommended to the student of the intellectual history of British involvement in India, as well as to those who are immediately drawn to these accomplished paintings and the prints which were made from them.



A European camera portrait in agate of Shah Jahan, from the exhibition reviewed here.

Table d'hôte

By Robin Buss

My Dinner with André
Gate Cinema, Bloomsbury

The title *My Dinner with André* is so accurate a description of the contents that, as Wallace Shawn has generously observed, may not give due credit to Louis Malle's direction in the creation of this remarkable film. As scriptwriter and actor, Wallace Shawn has every right to call this his dinner, but it could not have been served up, or at any rate made palatable, without Malle's sympathetic insight.

The idea came from Shawn's conversations with André Gregory, a director who in 1975 left the New York theatre to work in Poland with the experimental company of Jerzy Grotowski, and then travelled to Sri Lanka, Tibet, India and Scotland, in reducing many hours of spontaneous recorded material to an acting script. Shawn discovered in himself and Gregory the Sancho Panza and Quixote in these fictionalized versions of themselves. Shawn regards Gregory with the scepticism of a man whose concerns in life include his girlfriend and his electric blanket. Gregory describes being buried alive, talking to vegetables and learning to treat the iceberg as a friend. His reward, but he carries on, convinced that the human spirit will survive only in isolated pockets like the Flathead community, which provides a refuge from brainwashing and the numbing effects of television.

The search for Truth has always been a privilege of the few, and it is Gregory who is at home in the plush restaurant, translating the meaningless words of the TV news anchor into the language of the few.

Ecological oratorio

By Paul Driver

Black Pentecost
Royal Festival Hall

Peter Maxwell Davies' *Black Pentecost* is a curious work and has had a curious history. Its title originally applied to a piece sketched out in 1973 for the Philharmonia Orchestra. That proved to be a decisive essay, for its structure - two movements in one, a short slow movement accelerating into a scherzo - introduced the influence of Stravinsky on Davies' music and led directly to the breakthrough of the First Symphony (1976), of which it became the second movement, while similar experimentation in the combination of movement types has remained central to Davies' orchestral thinking, as shown by the finale of the Second Symphony (1980) and the present work.

The "Black Pentecost" title, lying free, was transferred with greater appropriateness to a major commission from the London Symphony Orchestra, completed in 1979. The title comes from the last lines of a poem by George Mackay Brown which Davies set in a cycle for soprano and guitar, *Dark Angels*, in 1974, and refers to an unspecified disaster - uranium-mining, nuclear explosion - threatening the traditional life of an Orkney island community. For the LSO Davies devised a continuous four-movement "song-symphony" using a text he quarried from the final part of Mackay Brown's novel, *Greenisle*, where the implications of the Black Pentecost symbol are spelt out very clearly indeed. The LSO would not touch it and the

ter sets to front of him. Gregory too does most of the talking. Like the fox in the proverb who knows many things, Gregory is eager, alert and slightly patronizing, only towards the end does the hedgehog strike back with the one great thing that he knows: Shawn is happy in New York. Common sense and enthusiasm meet, also each other up, and prove irreconcilable: "I know what you're talking about, but I don't really know what you're talking about", Shawn concludes.

An entertaining script and two virtuoso performances are not enough to explain the film's success in the United States. The appeal, in part, is that of a *tour de force*, but also derives from the fact that Gregory's quest has the charm of nostalgia in a society now obsessed with surviving through the economic recession. Like Shawn, most of us are and have been grumpy to the comforts and satisfactions that we know, and for those who never set out on the hippie trail, it is reassuring to be told that it was as likely to end in Sardinia as in Nirvana.

However, two hours is more than enough to make these simple points and the film would be unbearable if it were not for Malle's ability to maintain its pace and to suggest a superimposition of different levels of reality within the story. We are aware, after all, of watching two men playing themselves on a set and without a carefully-structured narrative. This contrived setting mirrors the artificiality of their situation. While Shawn and Gregory discourse on the above them, the waiter hovers, increasing nervousness at this sinister figure, perhaps betraying an intellectual working-man. But at the same time, in a film which appears to demonstrate the supremacy of the spoken word, this slight shadow in the restaurant mirror reminds us of the director's intrusive manipulation of what we hear and see.

work lay unperformed until the Philharmonia rallied to the support of what they indirectly stimulated, mounting its premiere in a "Music of Eight Decades" concert last week. Meantime, Davies had composed his Second Symphony, for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and uncovered simplifications of style and texture that would not have seemed surprising had *Black Pentecost* been heard in its chronological place.

The work is scored for a large orchestra (which generally sounds like a smaller one) and mezzo-soprano and baritone soloists. The conception is extremely novel; although there are obvious precedents in Mahler - and much of the idiom is indeed Mahlerian after Davies' typical fashion - *Black Pentecost* is a vocal drama, not a song-cycle, and is more accurate to call it an "oratorio-symphony" with the precedent of works like Tippett's *Third Symphony* or A Child of Our Time relevantly invoked, though they too are only shadows in the background. Never before, perhaps, has a composer combined a symphony so symphonic and a drama so straightforward (propagandistically) enacted into one and the same work.

The first movement is purely orchestral: a very beautiful slow introduction to alto flute and strings modulating into an urgent sonata-allegro that climaxes over accelerating timpani-strokes familiar from the Second Symphony. The baritone and mezzo enter in turn in the second movement and are given plenty of room to describe the mysterious "Black Star" operation that is contaminating the island of Heliya and filling it with "noise". The mezzo adds an attractive wordless obbligato to the baritone's concluding words. The third movement is another allegro, scherzo-like, announced by a peculiar tapping of percussions and tinted by marimba ostinati: the mezzo tells of the dispossession of Bella Budge and her "diminishing republic of hens". In the finale the baritone puts the case for progress in outrageous falsetto and to yelling horn glissandi, both taken from Davies' opera, *The Maryskyn* (1970); then the mezzo, over dead slow marimba beats reminiscent of the chamber work, *Ave Marie Stella* (1975), commences a last lament for the defeated inhabitants.

Black Pentecost is certainly a key work in the Maxwell Davies canon: it is packed with gestures that are entirely his own, it displays his virtuoso techniques at its most fluent and unproblematic, it links the two symphonies and is the biggest statement of an Orkadian theme developed in many pieces of the last decade. Yet it remains curiously unsatisfying, partly because of the relative lack of interest of the characters depicted and partly because of the way it is (also a fault of Mackay Brown's novel, amiable mosaic though it is) and of a one-dimensionality of dramatic approach; chiefly because, in spite of Davies' passionate commitment to the ecological cause, the creative heat necessary to fuse the work's hybrid elements has not quite been generated. The players under Simoo Raffaele, and the accomplished soloists, Jao DeGaetani and Michael Rippon, seemed to find no undue difficulty in the score: it is an exemplary Davies premiere. But, in usually on such occasions, the audience was not particularly on the edge of its seat.

To complement the Festival of India Capital Race, together with the National Association, for Asian Youth, is sponsoring a Playwriting Competition. There will be two categories, one for a play written by anyone under the age of 18, with prizes of £200 and £200, the other for writers over 18, with prizes of £200 and £400. Plays should be in English, and longer than 45 minutes. Entries should be sent to Capital Radio Drama Dept, Duke of York Theatre, St Martin's Lane, London WC2, before July 31.

commentary

Two cultures, two story-tellers

By James Joll

Christ Stopped at Eboli
Camden Place

The Southern Question - *La Questione Meridionale* - has dominated Italian life for the last hundred years; and in each generation writers, political thinkers and artists - Salvemini, for example, and Gramsci and Carlo Levi - have reflected on the gap between the two Italys, the advanced, rationalist north and the backward, ignorant, poor and superstitious south. Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli* (now re-issued as a Penguin at £2.50) was one of the most famous as well as one of the most poetic and penetrating first-hand accounts of the confrontation between two cultures and two economies. Levi, a member of the anti-Fascist resistance from the start, wrote it while in hiding in 1934-43, recalling the time eight years earlier when he had been banished as a political dissident to a remote and poverty-stricken area of Lucania, miles from the main-line station at Eboli. "Christ never came this far, nor did time, nor the individual soul, nor hope, nor the relation of cause to effect, nor reason nor history."

Some thirty-five years after Levi wrote his book, Francesco Rosi, himself a southerner, unlike Levi, made his film, a commentary on the 1970s on the 1930s as seen from the 1940s. In his next film after *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, *Three Brothers*, Rosi looked at the contemporary contrasts and tensions in the Italian south between the fathers who stayed on the land and the sons who went off in the north to seek their fortunes. In *Christ Stopped at Eboli* he is looking at a world still very little touched by outside influences and a world in which, as the film brings out very skillfully, escape from the enclosed, hopeless society of the south could only come by emigration to America rather than, as now, to the north of Italy. The film makes us feel very directly the infinite remoteness, cultural, spiritual and geographical, of these dilapidated

Lucanian villages and their inhabitants.

Rosi recognized the difficulties of making a film of Levi's personal, episodic, reflective work in which visual impressions, political comment and ethnographical observations succeed each other, shaped only by the author's personality and the sequence of the seasons of the year. "In Levi's [book]", Rosi said in an interview before starting to shoot the film, "there is a character and I must contend with his reflections and constant attention to the smallest visual detail, especially during the long passages of dialogue into which he has transformed Levi's own reflections, so that one is constantly aware of the contrast between the dark oppressive interiors, the decaying narrow streets and the vast sweep of the bare landscape outside. He reminds us too that Carlo Levi was at this stage primarily a painter: the film begins and ends with shots of his canvases, and there are constant reminders of this side of Levi's activity and the way in which his visual awareness helped him to survive the boredom and frustration of his exile. The result is a work of great visual beauty. Gagliano, its inhabitants and the surrounding landscape are seen by an artist, even if Rosi's vision, for all his faithfulness to Levi's text, is not always the same as that of Levi himself."

Gian Maria Volontè plays Levi with just the right combination of ironic observation and almost reluctant emotional involvement in the life of the village, as he finds himself called on to practise the medicine which he had abandoned in favour of painting; and he conveys the stages by which Levi's courteous scepticism at the peasants' superstitions and credulity gives way both to respect for a system of beliefs totally different from his own, and to a mixture of sympathy and despair. This is a very well brought out one of the central scenes of the film (which is also an example of the skill with which the ideas in the book are turned into convincing dialogue). In which Levi tries to explain to the Mayor - a typical example of the jumped-up petty bourgeois to whom Fascism gave an opportunity for power and

self-importance - the total alienation of the peasants from the Italian state and its rulers. His experiences at Gagliano had in fact turned Levi into an anarchist, even if later in life he returned to more orthodox political beliefs. "The state," he wrote, "cannot solve the problem of the south, because the problem which we call by that name is none other than the problem of the state itself."

Rosi is clearly as fascinated by the peasant world as Levi was. His use of peasants to play the part of peasants (and his ability to make a well-known actress like Irene Pappas into a convincing peasant) is based on a deep observation of peasant ways and peasant reality (as, for instance, when the peasants are caught by a thunderstorm in the fields, and hasten to cover their most valuable possession, the mule, before covering their own shoulders) and a respect for their individuality. Indeed one of the themes of both the book and the film is the gap between the decayed middle-class, the policemen, doctors, schoolteachers, tax collectors, (the group whom Gramsci compared to Kipling's Bandar-log, the chattering monkeys in the *Jungle Book*), and the peasants whom they regard as being outside common humanity. Levi is poised between the two classes; the mayor and the pathetically decayed and dotty village priest, well come him as a "gentleman", a "doctor"; the peasants see in the political exile a victim of the system like themselves.

While making the film, Rosi tells us, "it took me towards a more lyrical narration than my other films. And that naturally chased away the didactic aspect..." Perhaps it is almost too lyrically beautiful, the colours too pure, the children too pretty, the music by Piero Piccioni too lushly Mahlerian for this bleak landscape, and the dog Barone, though an excellent actor, would never have spent a night out with the wolves as Carlo Levi's dog in the book did. But it is a moving and haunting film, and its images, such as Don Carlo's first and last views of the countryside through the rain-spattered windows of the ancient village taxi, or the intensity with which the villagers experience an eclipse of the sun, remain in the mind.

Why then is it that *Skirmishes* is so impressive? It is, I think, because in Miss Hayes's work we have, perhaps for the first time, a play that frees the contemporary British theatre from a sentimentalism that in recent years has become excessively boring. This sentimentalism lies simply in the easy assumption that all misery, all evil, are removable because they are caused by something undefined called "the system", which can be altered. Miss Hayes' *Skirmishes* is a moving scene, begs her to remain to give her a few days rest, she replies that she must go home by the next train. She shrinks from nothing. It is true that there is no anything in *Skirmishes* as there is no anything in the stoning to death of a baby in Edward Bond's *Saved*. But that now famous incident was only an episode in an entire evening, while Miss Hayes's earlier horrors are as continuous as they are relentless and ruthless. Without hesitation or flinching, she shuts the gates of mercy on mankind.

This powerful and unforgiving play presents the same view of life as the *places noires* of Jean Anouilh, of whose *Eurydice* (seen here as *Point of Departure*) the theme most influential of Pansiole critics, Jean-Jacques Gautier, wrote in condemnation. "To the question, 'Is it possible to live?' it would appear that, after due consideration, Anouilh replies: 'In the end, yes; and, convinced of the inferiority of love, sees no other solution than death.' This thought runs through all Anouilh's work, it is the reason that so many of his plays have been received in Paris and, in other places, with distress and avoidance of its implications."

Dryasdust

By Stephen Koss

The Chalk Garden
Roundabout Theatre Company,
New York

If not the most innovative of off-Broadway's assorted repertory establishments, the Roundabout Theatre Company surely qualifies as the most doggedly dependable. Although it has not neglected American and European works, the Roundabout's anglophile excursions have usually worked best. The present season opened with a sturdy production of Terence Rattigan's *The Winslow Boy*, and continues, below stairs, with *Rattigan's The Browning Version*, enterprisingly coupled with a one-acter by J. M. Barrie, which the company is better equipped to handle. It is not so much that the Roundabout lacks the facilities for Rattigan as that Rattigan, deprived of the glamour lavished upon him by the National Theatre, fails to repay the effort.

In its main auditorium, the Roundabout is simultaneously presenting *The Chalk Garden*, End Bagnold's 1955 comedy of manners and mannerisms. The dialogue occasionally sparkles, but the play itself is as arid as its title suggests. The New York critics, who delivered a tepid response, refrained from saying too much about the shaky plot for fear of giving away the mystery. Few in the audience, however, would be unable to puzzle it out by the end of the first act. With its heavy symbolism and stock characters, *The Chalk Garden* is predictable from start to finish. Nevertheless, in these highly capable hands, it is a riveting entertainment.

Irene Worth, "absent in manner but not in mind", dominates the proceedings as Miss Madrigal, the sole applicant for the job as country-house companion to the "outlandish" grand-daughter of Mrs St Maugham, played to fluttering perfection by Constance Cummings. "The pyromaniac child, 'age' fourteen, but backward", is beyond belief, and her dotting elders are scarcely more credible. But that does not deter either of these justly celebrated actresses, who play opposite each other with enthralling conviction. The drama, handsomely mounted and sensitively lighted, serves as a shadow-box for their performances. These are more evenly matched and thus more satisfying than the over-acclaimed partnership of Christopher Plummer and James Earl Jones uptown in *Othello*.

As the victimized employer, robbed of her authority and delusions, Miss Cummings is wonderfully exempt from "the middle-class failing to run away from the unusual". Miss Worth, whose identity is obvious long before "who has removed the filthy little cat from her room" in her slogging jowls and invests her lines with the resonance of Pinter. Her sensible shoes and frumpy clothes may have been calculated to remind a New York audience of Mrs Jean Harris, a local folk-heroine similarly "cut off [from] her golden past". But the resemblance goes deeper. Miss Madrigal remarks that her life has had "a hollow quality which I find soothing". The same may be said of *The Chalk Garden*, which she brings to life.

Next month the British Film Institute will publish for the first time a guide to the National Film Archive's collection of stills, posters and designs, 37,000 films from all over the world, and from 1895 to the present day, are represented. Each entry will show the director, year of release and country of origin of the film, with a coding system to indicate the materials (stills, transparencies, posters, etc) available. Copies may be ordered from The Stills Collection, BFI, 31 Dean Street, London W1V 6AA, at £12.50 (until June 11, when the price rises to £14).

New Oxford books: Literature & Theatre

The Royal Shakespeare Company

A History of Ten Decades
Sally Beauman

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-upon-Avon was opened on 23 April 1979. This book chronicles the life of that theatre and its acting companies from that time to the present day, when, as the Royal Shakespeare Company, they have become internationally celebrated as one of the great acting companies of the world. 'I find Sally Beauman's book very remarkable... it is a fascinating book.' Peter Brook. Illustrated £12.95

The Complete Poems of Heinrich Heine

A Modern English Version
Hal Draper

This major new translation at last provides the English-speaking reader with the opportunity to experience the enormous range of Heinrich Heine's work. Mr Draper's version is as close as possible to reproducing in faithful verse rendering the complete corpus of a major poet in another language. £20 3 June

John Donne: The Divine Poems

Edited by Helen Gardner

This is the first paperback edition of Dame Helen Gardner's important book, the second edition of which was published in 1976. It is a pleasure to observe and record how very well Helen Gardner's original work in the first edition has worn. All students of Donne are most warmly in the debt of Helen Gardner. Modern Language Review. Paperback £5.50 Oxford English Texts 27 May

Medieval Writers and their Work

Middle English Literature and its Background, 1100-1500

J.A. Burrow

This introduction to medieval writers begins with a survey of the historical, social, intellectual and cultural background against which writers like Chaucer and the Gawain poet worked. It goes on to explain the complexities of language development during the period, and examines the different ways in which writers expressed themselves. £9.95 paperback £3.95 OPUS

Selected Poems

John Montague

This is a selection made by the poet himself from his earlier collections (now out of print) including *The Rough Field*, *A Slow Dance*, *Poisoned Lands*, and *The Great Cloak*, with some new poems as well. In 1979 John Montague was the winner of the Poetry Society's Allen Hunt Bartlett Award. £5.95

Oxford University Press

commentary

Les très riches oeuvres

By Robert Halsband

The Art of the French
Illustrated Book, 1700-1914
Pierpont Morgan Library

"The Art of the French Illustrated Book, 1700-1914," an exhibition of striking breadth and richness, opened on April 28 in the marble grandeur of the Pierpont Morgan Library.

About 100 books are on show, supplemented by engraved prints in various states and by drawings. Most of what is shown comes from the collection of Gordon Ray, who over the past thirty years has collected (inter alia) more than 2,000 French illustrated books, a collection unrivalled at least in the United States. About 40 of these will be enshrined in a sumptuous two-volume catalogue to be published in the autumn by the Library and Cornell University Press. What can now be seen in the glass cases of the Library, then, is the *crème de la crème*, and air-conditioning should keep the show fresh and uncurdled until it closes in the humid midsummer of July 31.

The books in the exhibition support the generally accepted opinion of bibliophiles that French illustrated books, from the 18th century onwards, represent the summit of book-making; and that the illustrations themselves parallel the excellence of French art. Few artists of the first rank are missing from those who illustrated literary texts shown here. These include two outstanding works of the early rococo: the animal painter Oudry's plates for La Fontaine's fables; and Boucher's for Molière's plays. The 1762 illustrations by Elsen for La Fontaine's *Contes et nouvelles* glow with a delicate eroticism comparable to Fragonard's 1795 plates for the same work. A sentimental and more voluptuous style can be seen in Prud'hon's illustration for a poem by Bernard at the end of the century. Not until 1826 did the Romantic style appear full-blown in Delacroix's illustrations for *Raoul*, done in lithograph, a medium that encouraged the artist to execute as well as to design his illustrations. Manet's plates for *Le Corbeau* (1875) in that medium, a masterpiece of impressionist vision, anticipate the *livre de poèmes*. In that genre of illustrated book - also called *livre d'artiste* - the poet and the artist are equal partners. Few examples are so successful as Bonnard's version of Verlaine's *Parallèlement* (1900), exhibited here in full splendour. Like Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard could fuse lithographic illustration with printed page as to make them indivisible. Then, with eighteen examples of illustrated books published between 1900 and the First World War, the exhibition concludes its promenade through more than two centuries of superlative book design and graphic art.

The time span of the show points up an irony in fine book-making and its consumers. During the high rococo period books were *objets de luxe*,

bought only by the aristocracy and the wealthy. In the year that the French Revolution erupted, the Royal printer issued a lavish volume entitled *Monument du costume*. . . . But with the rise of the bourgeoisie in the nineteenth century, a much wider public bought illustrated books and magazines as well - which have been called "democratized books" - and prints collected in albums. Daumier's and Gavarni's various series, for example, were enjoyed by the very classes and professions held up to ridicule, satire being a sort of mirror (as Swift wrote) "wherein holders do generally discover every body's face but their own." In the twentieth century the wheel has come full circle; with *livres de poèmes* and *éditions de luxe*, the illustrated book has again become a costly artifice.

In his wide-ranging selection of nineteenth-century books for the ex-

hibition Professor Ray departs somewhat from the traditional concept of an "illustrated book". As defined by Frank Weitenkampf, the illustration must relate to both text and typography. If neither is present, can the plates be called book illustrations? - or are they not rather collections of lithographs published and sold as a suite and bound book-fashion? When thus gathered between hard covers they have been called "lithographic albums". One exception, perhaps, is Delacroix's sixteen plates of scenes from *Homer*, for the play illustrated is so well known that the viewer's memory provides the literary text. However brilliant the social, topographical, and political lithographs of some nineteenth-century artists, these are not illustrated books. But why quibble, when Professor Ray's generous definition has added to the exhibition such an abundance of *détails*?



An illustration by Charles Monnet to Voltaire's *Candide* (1778), from the exhibition reviewed here.

Author, Author

Competition No. 71
Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than June 11. A prize of £10 is offered for the first correct set of answers to be opened, or failing that, the most nearly correct - in which case inspired guesswork will also be taken into consideration.
Entries, marked "Author, Author" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, Times Literary Supplement, PO Box 7, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8E2. The solution and results will appear on June 18.

1. I fancy what a game of chess would be if all the chessmen had passions and intellect, more or less small and

cunning; if you were not only uncertain about your adversary's men, but about your knight could shuffle itself out to a new square by itself; if your bishop, in disgust at casting, could wheedle your pawns away from their places; and if your pawns, could make away from their appointed posts that you might get check-mate on a sudden.

2. Mr Featherstun was a little nettled on being told that he was to be the king's rook, but smoothed his wrinkled brow on being assured that no *mauvaise plaisanterie* was intended.

3. Long did he meditate. Then, his sombre decision taken, he summoned his two torchbearers, and

they led the pawn away into outer darkness, to the sound of cymbals and drums.

Competition No. 67

Winner: Jane Eider

Answers:

1. It was the fashion to dance in archery dress, throwing off the jacket, and the simplicity of her white cashmere with its border of pale green set off her form to the utmost. A thin line of gold round her neck, and the gold star on her breast were her only ornaments.
George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*, Chapter 11.

2. It was the figure of a very tall and fully developed young female, clad in

the grey overcoat of a French infantry soldier, continued nevertheless by a short striped petticoat . . . her toes lost themselves in a huge pair of male slippers which made her drag her feet as she walked.
George du Maurier, *Tilbury*.

3. She dressed usually in Indian style, but - like his children when they were small - confusing the Eastern and Western varieties. She wore indiscriminately, paisley-bedspread shifts; embroidered velvet slips; fringed cowhide vests and moccasins; strings of temple bells; saris, shell beads, and leather pants very loose in the ankle and tight in the waist.
Alison Lurie, *The War Between the Tules*, Chapter 2.

Facing the music?

By David Profumo

Pennies from Heaven
Various Cinemas

In making MGM's first original musical for twenty-six years, director Herbert Ross and writer Dennis Potter have put 19 million dollars to brave use, for they have produced an extravaganza musical fable that anatomizes and transforms the whole tradition of Hollywood musical extravaganzas. The musical numbers are well-known classics, but the pioneering quality of this film lies in its juxtaposition of the lyrics with the actual conditions of life in the period of their greatest popular currency, the American Depression.

Potter has managed to translate his extraordinary six-part BBC series of 1978 into an authentic American idiom; but *Pennies from Heaven* is not so much a reworking of the television version as a new concept in the making of a film. Arthur (Steve Martin) is a struggling sheet-music salesman whose worldly ambition is to open his own shop; but music affords him more than his scant livelihood - it also provides him with a whole imaginative existence, for he believes in the euphoric world of the songs he peddles. In the pursuit of ecstasy away from his sexually recalcitrant wife (Jessica Harper) he seduces Ellen, a virginal teacher (Bernadette Peters), whom he abandons when pregnant, only to meet with her again as a prostitute in Chicago.

Paralleling Arthur's imaginative and sordidly real lives, the film oscillates between two distinct representations of action. The often slow horizontal progress of the story, frisk in its nastiness, is energized by explosive vertical eruptions where characters enact elaborate dance routines to the music of celebrated 1930s songs. In all but one instance, the actors "lip-synch" the words of original recordings, with the effect of bizarre ventriloquism as the characters mentally recast themselves into the situations of their fantasies.

As with the drama of Brecht, there is an ironic aptness in the disparity between each song and the ostensible circumstances of the plot surrounding it; for example, when Arthur has his request for a loan refused at the bank there ensues a lavish Busby Berkeley-style staging of "Yes, Yes, My Baby Said Yes".

The witty and mordant variety of these dozen or so sequences, beautifully choreographed by Danny Daniels, accounts for most of the film's value as entertainment and provides some virtuoso dancing from Steve Martin and Christopher Walken, whose performance as a lizardly bar-room pimp involves a magnificent combination of tap-dance and striptease.

There are two versions of the song "Pennies from Heaven", but significantly neither is that of Bing Crosby. The first rendition is Arthur Tracy's, a somber recording which is mimed to perfection by the destitute Accordion

Man (Vernel Bagneris) in a compelling soft-shoe routine in which he is gently deluged by golden coins. Later, when the innocent Arthur is about to be hanged for the murder of a blind girl (the Accordion Man being in fact responsible) there is a reprise of the song - this time is Martin's own voice - on the scaffold of the penultimate scene (though as with *The Beggar's Opera*, the film closes on an artificially happy note in conspicuous deference to the audience's expectations.) The song's shining optimism is the epitome of Arthur's fantasizing.

By contrast to the brightly-lit musical numbers, Depression existence is represented as literally and metaphorically dark; whirling dance snaps back into near-stasis scenes of dialogue that intensify the claustrophobia. The film opens in Arthur's dreary bedroom with his joyless pre-breakfast attempt at passion with Joanne, and it is characteristic of the film's method of rehearsing its themes that, later, the blind girl's murder takes place in view of a hoarding advertising the bruised features of Carole Lombard in *Love Before Breakfast*, quickly echoed by a shot of the corpse's blackened eye. Elsewhere, too, legendary pictures of the Depression are revisited: several of Edward Hopper's atmospheric paintings are recreated, including "Night Hawks" and "New York Theatre".

After the latter, Arthur in a cinema watches Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers performing "Let's Face the Music and Dance" in the 1934 film *Follow the Fleet*, and, enraptured, he leads Ellen into an identical dance on the sill of their cinema-screen. The old black-and-white movie fills our screen; too, and for a moment the fugitive duo, in Metro-Goldwyn, appear as in a *trompe-l'œil* to have escaped both the film they are mimicking and the film in which they feature, twirling out into our own auditorium before being uncannily absorbed into a full-scale reconstruction of the original classic to finish the routine by peering out at us through ranks of canes and top-hats, imprisoned in the medium of their fantasy. It is at once a complex and marvellously provocative example of film-making, realizing a common experience of cinema-goers - that sense in which the seeing of something on film persuades the viewers they can, in part, manage the same thing themselves.

Steve Martin seems to miss some of the psychological modulations that his lead role offers. He is known in America as a clean-cut comedian, and this is an adventurous piece of casting for him, but despite his superb dancing he never conveys a plausible relation between his infantile idealism and the bastardly way in which he behaves towards women. As his unhappy wife, Jessica Harper masterfully underplays, and, wide-eyed as a rabbit in a snare in the face of his insistent sexuality, wins sympathy by dint of her quiet horror. But the triumph of characterization is found in Bernadette Peters's Ellen, which she interprets with a delicate insight, transforming the schoolmarm of latent sensuality into a toughened madame who never retreats to the stereotype of the noble whore, but remains vital and alluring in tarnish, the one oasis of survival in a desert of victims.

Pennies from Heaven is a disturbing and clever film, a musical fantasy that grimly relates how popular music can be brought to collide with individual imagination. Considering the chosen historical setting, what seems to be curiously lacking from this ragout of adultery, penury and prostitution is the sense of political commitment that Potter normally brings to his arresting morality plays. Occasional lapses in momentum, though, are compensated for by the several visual *flashes de force* that establish this as a film which exposes the ways that marketed fantasy invades the life of the mind and the imagination of life.

Allusion in Poetry

Sir, - In his review (May 7) of John Hollander's *The Figure of Echo*, John Bayley cites, among other examples of allusion in poetry, the case of Keats changing "the viewless winds" of *Measure for Measure* into "the viewless wings of Poesy" in the "Ode to a Nightingale".

Away! Away! for I will fly in thee, Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards, But on the viewless wings of Poesy . . . He argues that this change from winds to wings involves an impoverishment of sense - how can wings be invisible? he asks - and that Keats is misinterpreting "viewless" as meaning "blind", the suggestion being that Poesy "does not know where she is going".

This particular idea does not "ring a bell" with me, but that may be a personal reaction. However, what Professor Bayley does not mention is a rather more important echo both of sound and sense, which in turn leads to others. The words in question are from "The Progress of Poesy," a Pindaric Ode of Thomas Gray, himself the most echoing of poets:

Not second he, that rode sublime Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy The secrets of the abyss in spy He saw; but blasted with excess of light, Closed his eyes in endless night.

It is of course Milton who is referred to here. So although I doubt if Keats thought Poesy was blind, I believe that he certainly had in mind the blindness of Milton - "eyeless in Gaza" - and in particular the first fifty-five lines of the third book of *Paradise Lost*. In which the poet invokes the light that has been denied to him by his blindness, in spite of which he nightly takes flight through the darkness to the Muses and to Sion:

as the wakeful Bird Sings darkling, and in shades of Covert hid Tunes her nocturnal Note. In Milton's poem it is the nightingale that is darkling, in the "Ode to a Nightingale" it is Keats himself - "Darkling I listen" - who is preparing to fly to the nightingale on his "viewless wings".

So I agree that Keats was partly hearing "viewless" as meaning blind but I think this did not prevent him from also using it in the Shakespearean sense of "invisible". There is no great poetic difficulty about wings being invisible, especially when it is words - or thoughts - that are winged, from the *trousers* of Homer to Shakespeare's Chorus in *Henry V*:

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift senses In motion of no less celerity Than that of thought.

"To return to the 'viewless wings' of Claudio's speech in Act III of *Measure for Measure*, the whole of that speech must have been in Keats's mind when he was composing his Ode, only he has turned its argument upside-down. Claudio says: The weakest and most loathed worldly life That age, ache, penury and imprisonment Can lay on nature, is a paradise To what we fear of death.

Keats on the other hand is "half in love with a useful death" and wants to: Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget The weaknesses, the fever and the fret Here, where men sit and hear each other groan; Where palsy shakes a few, sad, fast gray hairs, Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies . . .

Claudio opts for life, Keats for death. Gray in "The Progress of Poesy" evokes the life that awaits mankind, but in Miltonic vein turns to poetry for strength to endure them: Man's feeble race what ills await, Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain, Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train, And Death, and refuge from the storms of fate!

The food complaint, my song, deprive, And justify the laws of love, Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse? The Progress of Poesy, and "Night-

ingale" odes are to an exceptional extent poems about poetry, allusive to a heightened degree, and that "with no middle flight intend to soar". Hence the special interest of the example chosen by John Bayley. CHARLES MADGE, 28 Lynmouth Road, London NW2.

Sir, - John Bayley in his review of John Hollander's *The Figure of Echo* (May 7) quotes these lines from Hardy's "Afterwards": And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its autumlings Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom.

And he suggests that Hardy's poem "is not a culturally ghastly poem. . . . It puts us in touch not with the poetic past but with the poet himself. . . . In fact, Hardy is playfully echoing a very familiar phrase from the gospels (eg. Mark 10, 34). And as at least one Hardy scholar has noticed, Hardy also alludes to Gray's Elegy in "Afterwards".

TOM PAULIN, Department of English, University Park, Nottingham.

The American Purple Finch

Sir, - I view with some consternation the claim by D. C. Damant (Letters, April 30) that Muriel Singer's *The Children's Book of American Birds* can be used as confirmatory evidence that the American purple finch is in fact a linnet.

Does not this Damant owe know that *The Children's Book of American Birds* was written not by Muriel Singer but by Sam Patterson, a wretched hack who would do anything for a hundred dollars? How, I ask you, can one trust the ornithological expertise of a man who - as Corky Corcoran pointed out - "writes a novelette, three short stories, and ten thousand words of a serial for one of the all-fiction magazines under different names every month"?

As far as I am concerned, Sir, the matter is still open.

JACK ADRIAN, Clematis Cottage, Cradley, near Malvern, Hereford and Worcester.

'The Tropical Traveller'

Sir, - The splendid lyric quoted by John Hirst in *The Tropical Traveller* and held suitable by your reviewer Dervla Murphy (April 30) for the entertainment of non-English-speaking tribesmen is even more splendid in a fuller version:

The sexual life of the camel Is older than anyone thinks; It can only be satisfied fully By going to bed with the Sphinx.

Now the Sphinx has an external orifice That is choked by the sands of the Nile; Hence the hump on the back of the camel And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

HARRY V. KEMP, Old Hall, High Nibthwaite, near Ulverston, Cumbria.

Melanie Klein

Sir, - I have to protest at the extraordinary distortion of Melanie Klein's view of the infant in Peter Lamas's review (May 7) of Victoria Hamilton's *Narcissus and Oedipus*.

Lamas writes: "Melanie Klein, as the child as greedy, insatiable, hostile, discontented, a stranger to love, pushed reluctantly into reality by means of anxiety and remorse for his cannibalistic impulses." I would like to contrast this with what Klein actually said and wrote many times. For instance, in *The Origin of Transference* (1952) she writes: "Autocriticism and narcissism include the love for and relation with the internalised good object which, in narcissism, forms the loved body."

to the editor

and self. It is to this internalised object that in autoerotic gratification and narcissistic states a withdrawal takes place. Concurrently, from birth onwards, a relation to objects, primarily the mother (her breast), is present."

Is this seeing the infant as "a stranger to love"?

One of Klein's disagreements with Freud was that where he believed that "Hatred is older than love", she was convinced that love, as well as hatred, was present from the beginning.

HANNA SEGAL, 3 Lyndhurst Road, London NW3.

'Levitation'

Sir, - In spite of the "fantastic flushes" of critical appreciation, Adam Mars-Jones's review of Cynthia Ozick's *Levitation* (April 23) irks by its wanton use of paradox and urbane *fantaisie verbale* concealing atavistic "thoughts" quite unacceptable for the level of discourse expected from the TLS. Witness: "Cynthia Ozick is a woman, Jewish and a New Yorker; these conditions in combination might be expected to produce a narrow art, if any at all."

Luckily Cynthia Ozick does overcome her supposed handicaps of sex, ethnicity and habitat brilliantly. But must the implications always be: how odd! Should wit and literary style still charge so much?

SETH L. WOLITZ, Department of Slavic Languages, University of Texas at Austin, Austin, Texas 78712.

The Ethics of Abortion

Sir, - I have read with much interest comments concerning the abortion issue in the TLS, particularly those by Peter Singer (October 30, 1981) and Vaughan Bowen (Letters, April 23) dealing with parasitism.

To assert that the young human, while, of necessity, living in the uterus of his mother and deriving full nourishment from her is a parasite, is scientifically untenable. In his book *General Parasitology* (1973) Thomas Cheng points out that "parasitism is defined as an intimate and obligatory relationship between two heterospecific organisms (two different species) during which the parasite, usually the smaller of the two partners, is metabolically dependent on the host." The young human, as an embryo or foetus, is of the same species as the mother and must experience this relationship in the early phase of life.

Vaughan Bowen attempted to imply that a probem human, existing in a homeoparasitic relationship, might be considered as a parasite by citing a most unusual situation in which the adult male angler fish lives attached by its head to the female angler, deriving its full nourishment from her, and claims that this homeoparasitic relationship is parasitic. But is it? A parasite is also an organism that harms its host to some degree, thus distinguishing this form of existence from other symbionts, such as mutualistic and commensal forms. Does the male angler harm the female angler, or is this unique relationship mutualistic, serving to aid both organisms and the survival of this species?

The argument that because all nourishment is derived from the mother by the unborn human it is therefore to be considered parasitic is to ignore the fact that for most of human history all nourishment was derived from the mother for some time after birth; the child existing only on mother's milk gained by suckling. But no one attempts to call a newborn or older child a parasite.

All placental mammals begot their lives a natural, dependent and intimate relationship with their mothers. The human is no exception. The intra-uterine phase of existence is a positive, healthful and essential part of the life of each individual

human and is necessary for the survival of the species. It is not parasitic.

THOMAS L. JOHNSON, Department of Biological Sciences, Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, Virginia 22401.

Women's Suffrage

Sir, - Kynil FitzLyoh says in his review of Juhani Paasilvirta's *Finland and Europe* (May 7) that Finland was "the first country in the world" to give women the vote, in 1906. In Europe, perhaps, though only a year ahead of Norway; but not in the world. New Zealand did so in 1893 and Australia in 1902, and the American state of Wyoming had done so back in 1869.

LEONARD NEWMAN, 103 Commercial Street, London E1.

Hugh Miller

Sir, - Perhaps Owen Dudley Edwards (April 2) is right in terming Hugh Miller's politics "roughly the same as those of that other voluble nineteenth-century educationist of Scottish antecedents, T. B. Macaulay". But Miller, for one, surely would have been horrified to hear of it. In his *Macaulay on Scotland: A Critique* (1857), Miller argued that Macaulay's partisan Whig account of the Highlanders, together with his personal representation of Scotland in the House of Commons, amounted to disloyalty to his Scottish heritage. For his part, a rare printed acknowledgment of criticism directed toward the *History*, Macaulay characterized portions of Miller's book as "idle and dishonest objections".

RANDOLPH BUFANO, 746 17th Avenue, Menlo Park, California 94025.

Among this week's contributors

J. J. O. ALEXANDER is Reader in the History of Art at the University of Manchester.

B. M. BOLTON is a lecturer in History at Westfield College, London.

ANTHONY BURGESS's most recent novel is *Earthly Powers*, 1980.

J. M. COCKING's *Proust: Collected essays on the writer and his art* will be published shortly.

CLAIRE CROSS's most recent book is *Church and People, 1450-1960*, 1976.

SMOKE DIOBY is the author of *War Horse and Elephant in the Delhi Sultanate*, 1977.

PAUL DRAKE is writing a book on Peter Maxwell Davies.

DENNIS DUNCANSON is President of the Royal Society of Asian Affairs.

HAMID ENAYAT is a Fellow of St Antony's College, Oxford and lecturer in Modern Middle Eastern History at the University of Oxford.

ROBERT HALSBAND's *The Rape of the Lock and its Illustrations 1714-1896* was published in 1980.

PETER HEBALITHWAITE's most recent book is *The Papeal Year*, 1982.

CHRISTOPHER JANAWAY is a lecturer in Philosophy at Birkbeck College, London.

JAMES JOLL's books include *Granville*, 1977.

CHARLES MONTEITH is Senior Editorial Consultant at Faber and Faber and a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

A. W. PRICE is a lecturer in Philology at the University of Leeds.

'Bernini in France'

Sir, - On my return from abroad I found Cecil Gould's letter (April 16) in answer to my review (March 19) of his book *Bernini in France*. Let me apologise first to Mr Gould and to your readers: my typewriter - which should have known better - did indeed slip, and gave Paul Fréart his brother's title of Chambray. But my other alleged lapses I can't take quite so seriously. Gould accuses me of having said that Henry II inaugurated the building of the Louvre, whereas this had been done by Francis I. He is right about Henry and Francis, but wrong about me, who wrote that Henry II had started building it. Inauguration would have been appropriate to Francis I, who commissioned the rebuilding plans, but then in his reign "on fit tomber plus de l'ancien château qu'on n'en éleva de nouveau". So it was Henry II who started the building proper.

I cannot take up more of your space with such detailed consideration of Mr Gould's several points. Even if he had been entirely correct, his quibbles would do little to modify the substantial criticisms which I made.

JOSEPH RYKWERT, University of Cambridge, Department of Architecture, 1 Scroope Terrace, Cambridge.

Poetry Competitions

Sir, - William S. Milne (Letters, April 23) asks if the Arts Council of Great Britain has ever heard of Caladonia, and appears to imply that we have organized a poetry competition. Yes, we have heard of Caladonia, but, so, we are not running a poetry competition.

CHARLES OSBORNE, Arts Council of Great Britain, 9 Loog Acre, London WC2.

PHILIP SHEPARD's study of modern Greek poetry, *The Marble Threshing Floor*, has recently been reissued.

OLIVER TAPLIN's most recent book is *Greek Tragedy in Action*, 1979.

RALEIGH TREVELLYAN's books include *Rome '44: The Battle for the Eternal City*, 1981.

BERNARD WASSERSTEIN is Director of the Tauber Institute at Brunel University and author of *Britain and the Jews of Europe 1939-1945*, 1971.

J. M. ZIMAN is Professor of Physics at the University of Bristol. His *Puzzles, Problems and Enigmas* was published in 1981.

The New Hungarian Quarterly

A political and cultural review published in English in Budapest.

Editor: Ivan Bokor. No. 36, Spring 1982.

Rezső Nyers on how economic and political incentives in a socialist society.

The significance of the revolution in Hungary.

A magazine edition of the first complete edition of the works of Imre Kertész.

Richard Strauss and Béla Bartók. Poems, fiction, book reviews.

At request we will be pleased to supply you with a sample copy.

Building up pressure

By Janet Morgan

ASA BRIGGS:
The Power of Steam
An Illustrated History of the World's
Steam Age
208pp. Michael Joseph. £10.50.
0 7181 2076 0

In 1824 a patent was taken out for a most curious contraption, a leg-driven carriage. The invention of steam power promised all kinds of exploitation, including the introduction of motorized transport, but some inventors feared that powered wheels would slip on the roads and therefore designed vehicles that would be propelled by jointed legs and feet. In drawing to our attention this and other exotic devices - Bessemer's self-stirring saloon for comfort in stormy seas, the *Scientific American's* proposal for an inter-oceanic railway to haul ships across the Isthmus of Panama, a steam-driven aeroplane that flapped its wings - As Briggs is doing more than levelling some highly technical bread. He is reminding us that the first reaction to new inventions is often to see them in terms of what went before, not what they are. It is reassuring, but also because it is reassuring, Lord Briggs does much on a bracelet, vacuum-cleaners, remodeled mechanical brooms, perambulators were miniature carriages and forks looked like fingers; of course an aeroplane would flap its wings.

It is attitudes to a new technology, as well as the circumstances in which it was invented and applied, that this handsome book explores. We are shown not only the working model of the steam-pump which Thomas Savery demonstrated in 1699 but also the enthusiastic responses to his achievement: "SACRIFICIOUS! Savery! Taught by thee... Discouraged elements agree..." wrote one poet in 1754. Though Newcomen's invention of 1712 used steam at barely more than atmospheric pressure, it was praised by a German observer as "the beautifullest and most perfect

engine that any Age or Country ever yet produced". By 1721, however, such remarkable poems were being written as the "Aenigma", a riddle appearing in, of all places, *Ladies' Diary*: It ended, "On mighty Arms, alternately I hear / Prodigious Weights, of Water and of Air; / And yet you'll stop my Motion with a Hair." As for James Watt, who first thought of the notion of condensing steam in a separate chamber rather than in the cylinder itself, his history was rapidly transformed into myth, the mathematical instrument-maker and repairer of engines being replaced by a popular legend by a small boy gazing at a jiggling kettle-lid.

Here was no separation between two cultures. Art joined Science, whether in praise of steam-power and its potential benefits (in 1845 the French Academy set this as the subject of its annual poetry competition; in 1833 Wordsworth composed a sonnet on "Steamboat, Windmills and Railways") or in fear ("The piston of the steam engine worked monstrous up and down like the head of an elephant in melancholy madness", wrote Dickens in *Hard Times*; Engels quoted E. P. Mead's verse on the *Steam King*: "His priest-hood are a hungry band / Blood-thirsty, proud and bold; / 'Tis they direct his giant hand / In turning blood to gold"). But in talking about attitudes and more than offer an aethology of writing, drawing and photography on steam power and its application to mining, manufacturing, agriculture, locomotion on the railways and on the seas.

He discusses, for example, the range and stimulus of the new technology which could be applied not only to performing familiar tasks - cutting paper, folding envelopes, flaking cocoa - but, joined with other inventions, combining them into processes - the retortive steam-engine, for instance, powered first by belt and later gear-drive, could work spinning-mules, power-looms and finishing-machines, gig-mills for teasing woolen cloth and scouring and washing-machines to remove the grease and oil used in spinning and weaving. He sketches the political

and economic consequences of the new technology: the experience of steam-based industrialization that led manufacturers to demand free competition and free trade, and workers' press for cooperation and factory legislation; the changes that the power induced, or catalyzed, in the rhythms of production, notions of skill and discipline, the location of towns, the growth in the production of material goods and changes in the value placed on leisure and consumption. Steam had its impact on language, as new metaphors emerged; it proclaimed the importance of "energy" and threatened to turn the world upside down.

This all sounds familiar. The gospel of steam has been succeeded by other gospels - internal combustion, nuclear power and, now, electronics, but the messages remain much the same. "Information technology" is the latest fashion; like steam engines, micro-electronic devices are invented by persistent eccentrics in sheds; like steam power, they promise to annihilate distance, overturn hierarchy, revolutionize the economies and social system, alter our ideas of "skill", "performance", "abundance".

New technology always drives human beings to all sorts of subterfuges and paradoxical behaviour; Lord Briggs shows us a photograph of weavers in the textile mills, out-maneuvring the racket of the machines by lip-reading and, instead of whispering, shielding their faces when passing on intimate messages. What ingenuity will we practise in the age of telematics? When clever machines work out our chess moves, will the skillful player be the one who upsets the table by throwing a spooner in the software? Lord Briggs appreciates, but does not force, home, these parallels - he is far more canny than that. But it is because he understands and is excited by them, interesting himself in the science of the factory and its effects, that he is a splendid historian and this a practical as well as an elegant book. Technologies - steam and wheel, computing and telecom - continue to converge but so, thank God, do the two cultures.

In Chaucer's train

By Raleigh Trevelyan

OLIVE HAMILTON:
The Divine Country
The British in Tuscany 1372-1390
190pp. André Deutsch. £9.95.
0 233 97425 3

The title, *The Divine Country*, comes from a letter written by Ruskin to his father in 1845. Strictly speaking, the subtitle should be the British and Tuscany, since some of Olive Hamilton's subjects, such as Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini, later Pope Pius II, were not British at all, though they had special links with this country. She herself lives partly in Tuscany and her love for Lucca, in particular, shines through the book. She is obviously fascinated by the character of Sir Horace Mann, first Resident there in 1845. In Florence in the eighteenth century, an "inveterate gossip", always smartly dressed, a bachelor and host to innumerable artists, writers and personalities, such as Robert Adam, Horace Walpole, Thomas Paine and the Hollands, not to mention "travelling boys", sons of great families on the Grand Tour. A detail from Zoffany's picture "The Grand Tour" is included in the book, and pretty stupid some of these boys as they gawk at a nude Venus - Mann on the other hand is splendid, with his double chin, embroidered waistcoat, full Garter insignia and sword.

Ruskin considered Siena cathedral to be "in every way absurd... a piece of costly confectionery, and faithless vanity". Later, in Venice for example, as Lady Hamilton points out, he became more appreciative of marble, a special interest of her own. She quotes him extensively, particularly on Lucca - "a crown of gold on the Tuscan plain". In due course he was to find a similarity between the girl he had loved, Rosa La Touche, and the beautiful effigy of Lilla del Carretto in Lucca cathedral.

There is a long and amusing essay on the exploits of the art-dealer and historian Robert Langton Douglas, remembered as a *galanissimo* and full-blooded Romantic by Denis Sutton and Harold Acton, but a "continguous" boundary to nearer contemporaries like Roger Fry. After a clash with Berenson which lasted for years and was mainly connected with the merits of Duccio and Sassella, followed by a spell as Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, to which he sold a number of his own pictures, Douglas - father of eight children - finally died at the convent of the Blue Nuns at Fiesole.

Lady Hamilton follows this with a nice piece of original research on the marble works of Carrara, dominated in the nineteenth century by a Yorkshireman, William Walton, and now by a "spring-heeled" Oxford and Major Grenville Cripps. With the present fashion for cremations, she says, the cemetery trade in marble has languished. However there are new uses for marble dust, such as in toothpaste and for lining swimming-pools.

Finally she writes about the swash-buckling General Sir Richard O'Connor, only recently dead. Captured in the Western Desert in 1941, he made no less than three attempts to escape from his prison in the Castello Vincigliata above Fiesole. After the Italian Armistice he lived rough in the mountains and eventually escaped south by fishing-boat; later he helped to sponsor a boys' town for war orphans at Modena.

Travellers in Ancient Lands: A Portrait of the Middle East (201pp. Hutchinson. £16.95. 0 212 1130 7) contains 265 photographs of the Middle East taken over a period from about 1840 to the end of the First World War. The book includes the work of professional photographers such as Francis Frith and Felix Bonifis as well as some by such noted travellers as Gertrude Bell and Lawrence of Arabia. There is a brief history of Islam and the Ottoman Empire by Louis Vazec who also provides a description of life in the countries of the Middle East. The book also contains essays by Gall Buckland on photography

travelling from England was full of perils, what with French privateers and brigands in the St Gotthard Pass. Fynes Morison said that travellers should insist on clean sheets in Italian inns and wear linen breeches against the "itch", but later three to a bed and no nightshirts seems to have been usual. Not that Italians found travelling to Britain all that comfortable. Aeneas Silvius considered that James I of Scotland lived "more roughly than the poorest citizen of Nuremberg" (a contrast indeed to the majestic fresco of King James's court by Pinturicchio in the cathedral library at Siena).

A great deal of hard research has been packed into *The Divine Country* and in several cases, as with Ruskin and Angelica Kauffman, assumes of entire lives. She writes of Siennese marchants and bankers, pejoratively known as "Lombards" in England, and of the Medici's dealings with Edward IV. An essay, "A Curious Peir", is devoted to the Hugford brothers, sons of a Londoner but born in Tuscany. Enrico Hugford, who became Abbot of Vallombrosa, developed a secret technique in scagliola work (paintings on plaster resembling marble), and Ignazio was an art historian and antiquarian, whose collection was admired by Reynolds. It was Ignazio who introduced Robert Adam to the French architect Charles-Louis Clérisseau, an encounter that was to have a profound influence on Adam's ideas.

Mann reached Florence in 1738, so did not have to deal with the embarrassment of the Old Pretender setting up a throne-room at Lucca and touching children for the king's evil. He was however agast when the Young Pretender, a pathetic drunk and far from bonnie, decided to settle in Florence and immediately became involved in litigation with the rich Lord Cowper, who was a friend of the Grand Duke. Walpole supplied him with news about the Young Pretender's wife's affair with Alfieri, but Mann was already dead when the couple settled near his house by the Ponte Santa Trinita.

Lady Hamilton's starting-point is Chaucer's visit to Italy. In those days

SCIENCE

Expansionists and restrictionists

By J. M. Ziman

LOREN R. GRAHAM:
Between Science and Values
499pp. Columbia University Press.
\$25.90.
0 231 05192 1

We all have a pretty good idea of what "science" is, don't we - at least within the restricted English-language meaning? But what are "values"? Loren R. Graham is shrewd enough not to fall into the trap of trying to define a term that he interprets to the widest extent. His subject is the relationship between the natural sciences and the philosophical, political and ethical aspects of contemporary culture. In all conscience, that is a broad enough canvas, though there are interesting relationships between science and aesthetic values that would also be covered by this title. Or is not science itself an attractive manifestation of a certain type of "value", part utilitarian and part aesthetic? In Graham's title there is latent a paradox, if not a confusion, which surfaces from time to time in the text and is not fully resolved.

The whole subject would, indeed, fall apart if it were not bound together by a strong cable around the opposite poles of "expansionism" and "restrictionism". The archetypal "expansionist" is B. F. Skinner, who urges mankind to save itself by designing new values consistent with his psychological theories. The most articulate popular exponent of "restrictionism" may well have been Sir Arthur Eddington who "reassured the educated public" that "science [to him physics] need not take away our religious beliefs because it deals with only one of three worlds - the world definable in terms of clocks and yardsticks, the abstract world."

This is a straightforward typology that can be applied fairly confidently to the views of the many scientists who have written about philosophy, religion and politics from the standpoint of their professional knowledge and experience.

What is interesting, of course, is that this polarity is not necessarily correlated with the particular discipline claiming external authority or trying to defend itself within a limited territory. Relativity theory for example, is not intrinsically restrictionist or even "abstract". V. A. Fock, a Russian theoretical physicist of the same high scientific distinction as Eddington and an equally authoritative popularizer of his esoteric subject, was at pains to emphasize the consistency of the "theory of gravitation" with the materialism of orthodox Marxism. Graham analyses and convincingly interprets these contrasting philosophies against the very different personal and political backgrounds of their authors. In fact, from the point of view of the sociology of knowledge, one might inquire how it was possible for a socially isolated "bourgeois" Quaker and a highly affective communist intellectual to be in close agreement on the scientific content of their subject to the extent that their respective textbooks are equivalent standard treatises on Einstein's theory of space, time and gravitation.

Einstein himself was essentially a restrictionist. His humane liberalism drew him into the agonized political arena between the world wars, but he was careful not to assert scientific principles out of their context, for he was more aware than most of his colleagues of the positive function that this restrictionism fulfilled: it protected society from the eugenicists and the social Darwinists, while it insulated science from the attacks of critics who believed that the new physics undermined "traditional standards of ethics and politics". But Niels Bohr, for equally wise reasons, was "making an expansionist argument for a direct, non-metaphorical relevance of atomic physics to the problem of understanding life and free will and he was, as did his father Christian Bohr (a Danish professor of physiology), arguing that a mechanistic conceptualization was in

As for Wolfgang Heisenberg, his initial enthusiasm for philosophizing out of physics was tempered by the nihilistic obscurantism of official Nazism into a sophisticated restrictionist defence of German cultural ideals, where "the ideal solution to all problems, both scientific and political", was to show that the contradiction between Goethe's and Newton's theories of colours could be resolved by insisting that they must have been talking about "two entirely different levels of reality". In other words, the differentiation of expansionists from restrictionists may not be so much a matter of *quod homines, rei sententiae* but a venant reading of *cuius regio, eius religio*.

The tendency among biologists - at least among those who have written speculatively about human affairs - has been expansionist. This applies as much to extreme philosophical reductionists such as Francis Crick and Jacques Monod, flushed with the intellectual triumphs of molecular biology, as to the significantly more sociopolitical exponents of ethology and sociobiology such as Konrad Lorenz and E. O. Wilson. But here again, the way in which the scientists try to give a scientific rationale to extra-scientific "values" such as social conflict or moral altruism, depends more upon the value systems floating around in his cultural milieu than on what can be convincingly deduced from his special scientific domain. If one is not too fastidious about the reliability of his data and about the theoretical interpretation, one can, it seems, put together a plausible "biological" case for almost any political system, from technocratic totalitarianism to anarchical naturism - It all depends what people really want out of life, or what they will put up with in a thoroughly unsatisfactory world.

This ambivalence of "science" with respect to social values is beautifully exemplified by the history of the eugenics movement in the 1920s. Evolutionary genetics seemed to assert, pretty firmly, that the "fitness" of the human race is bound to decline unless something is done to replace the "natural" selection that we now assume artificially. Of course, as Alfred Ploetz saw at the time, the "value consequences of applying the science of human heredity depend more on when and how it is applied than on the question of what is inherent in the science itself". But as Graham shows, controversies over the very principle of eugenics flared up in both Weimar Germany and Soviet Russia, with liberals, Nazis, and various more or less orthodox breeds of Marxists on both sides of the fence in all sorts of intellectual and moral postures. Even though the political and social milieux have changed, the nature-nurture issue still has "enormous potential despotism". The paradox is that "Eugenics is now a word in disrepute but the use of genetic knowledge to benefit humankind is a far more viable possibility now than ever before."

At this point, the thrust of the argument shifts from the philosophical to the practical. Nobody, least of all a priest or a politician, need take any notice of the religious or political opinions of a few big-mouthed professors: it is when scientific techniques affect social actions that "values" are really at stake. The prime example is in biomedicine, where the revolutionary technical capabilities of amniocentesis and life-support machines seem to challenge most of our traditional ethics of birth, life and death. Graham discusses these issues very thoughtfully, but concludes that this challenge is not a manifestation of scientific "expansionism". What can be done with this use of science is to be classed as "technology", and is then subject to the primary ethical value systems of the society that puts this technology into practice. He admits that the new techniques may "play a role in shifts in our secondary or derivative values... a person may modify his or her position towards abortion or terminal care", but suggests that this

more fundamental values that are still retained, such as responsibility and solicitude for one's children, relatives, or intimate friends". Other issues of public concern about science and technology, such as whether there should be limits put around scientific inquiry, are discussed in the same enlightened spirit. This discussion does not carry the analysis much deeper than the conventional contemporary wisdom, but it would be difficult to disagree with his summing up:

In such areas as slippery slopa technology and human subjects research it is obvious that the scientists and engineers directly involved in the work have no monopoly of wisdom about the ethical, psychological and societal impacts of their work. At the same time, we know that the assertion by lay groups of control over the determination of the inherent value of fundamental research could have disastrous effects.

Does my praise sound a little faint? The strength of this book lies in the case studies of individuals firmly placed in their historical circumstances. It is remarkably interesting to get a clear and just assessment of the cultural stance of the well-known scientific personalities who have expressed themselves at length on the world outside their own intellectual backyards. In fact there are several others who might have been given the same treatment - for example, Bertrand Russell, the most influential serious writer on science and philosophy of the inter-war years, or generation towards the "Social Function of Science". I would trust Graham's considered opinion on such controversial figures, for he keeps an open mind and heart, and is well aware that "seen in its social context, science is far from value-free", and that it is in the "relationship between science and society where the historically interesting value conflicts arise". In these respects his is an admirable work, in context, style and attitude.

Nevertheless, the earnest reader might come away from it a little disappointed and frustrated. Graham does not pull his punches against outright silliness. Henri Bergson and Teilhard de Chard de Gaulle treat them as waffle and uncritical zeal. But the philosophical position on which he himself stands is not well defined. His notion of "values" is so extraordinarily diverse that it can only be described as whatever people think to be important, except what they call science. But then he does not characterize science as such, except by particular disciplines drawn from the standard academic list - the sort of subjects that might be taken in the Natural Sciences Tripos of Cambridge University, augmented by selected topics from the Mechanical Sciences and Medicine. But there are many excellent scholars and teachers who claim that this traditional classification of academia is merely an administrative boundary, which arbitrarily cuts across many well-founded interdisciplinary subjects, such as psychology, archaeology, anthropology, geography, psychiatry, community medicine, architecture, ergonomics, and even such "value-laden" disciplines as economics and history. This comes near to saying that the title of the book begs the question of its theme. The distinction between "restrictionism" and "expansionism" might be no more than semantic. Or it might refer to some party slogan in a local scholarly controversy: "my psychiatric techniques are more scientific than yours (and therefore must be right, etc)". Without some attempt by the author to state his own "demarcation criterion" for scientific knowledge, and scientific work, his every word is up for the logical chop.

I am not suggesting that this deficiency could easily be filled. Sir Karl Popper proposed such a criterion ("potential falsifiability") nearly fifty years ago, but it has not proven

the body of human knowledge into "science" and the rest. There are reputable meta-scientists who argue very persuasively that even mathematical physics is socially "relative", and hence essentially "value-laden". Strictly speaking, this emphasis on the corrigibility of all science, and its ultimate dependence on human judgment, is perfectly justified. But so practical knowledge of human behaviour, even in its ethical and aesthetic aspects, is as reliable as any "scientific" result obtained with electronic instrumentation and computational statistical analysis. In other words, there is a deep and serious contemporary debate covering the whole field of the history, philosophy and sociology of science, on how to think about the relationship between "science" and "values", which Graham scarcely touches.

For this reason, the cable with which he tries to bind this subject together is not as strong as it seems at first sight. By accepting the implicit definition of science used by each of the writers whose work he describes, he is bound to voice the "local", "folk" opinions of the scientists in that particular discipline, whether or not these are consistent with one another, or with opinions about the scope of science in other scientific fields. Is there broad agreement between biologists and physicists as to the scope of "science"? The reductionist programme - the ultimate in scientific expansionism - is much more of a threat to neighbouring disciplines, from chemistry to molecular biology, than to distant socio-political "values". Graham correctly sees many manifestations of scientism as the appropriation of scientific knowledge or prestige in the realm of politics, to bolster up or attack a particular ideological position. One should also see this sort of argumentation as typical of what goes on at all levels, and on all scales, within the scientific world itself. To put it in its simplest form: a "scientific fact" is what we (and

everybody else) are entirely agreed on; a "value" is what we all know to be uncertain, and therefore a matter of personal opinion or taste; it is just in the no-man's-land between them that the action is. A realistic policy of expansionism, with limited but attainable objectives ("The Art of the Soluble"), is the mystique of the scientific life: that is the social reality whose ideology is caricatured by extremists such as Monod and Skinner and which has had to be protected by apologists such as Heisenberg.

This takes us to a point from which one can survey the whole scene. Graham correctly draws attention, in various places, to the intellectual and ethical values associated with the pursuit of science - not merely what it does materially for society, but also for its "commitments to harmony, protection, truth-seeking, and elegance". But he does not comment on the supreme principle of the scientific ideology: the acquisition of knowledge is an absolute good. The familiar doctrine that pure science should be done "for its own sake" is entirely meaningless, except as a justification for a scientist intent on doing exactly what he likes - a harmless conceit, provided that somebody will pay him to pipe this particular tune. But it is often given the more totalitarian form of a licence to undertake any research whatsoever, regardless of the consequences, as if this were an activity taking priority over all others. In the chapter on "limits of inquiry", Professor Graham himself implicitly repudiates this principle, showing how it impinges on a variety of other ethical principles that most of us hold dear. But he does not climb up this central peak in the territory he surveys - the conviction that many scientists hold that in their work they are living out the highest "value" of all human values, both in itself and for what it produces. That is the hubris that this book skirts around, and wisely combats in many forms but somehow fails to investigate and explain.

Biochemical battles

By J. F. Watkins

HANS KREBS:
Reminiscences and Reflections
In Collaboration with Anne Martin
298pp. Oxford University Press. £12.50.
0 19 854702 1

This late Sir Hans Krebs began his career in biochemistry when quantitative methods were replacing the qualitative approaches of what used to be called Physiological Chemistry. This autobiography is therefore of interest, in the first place, for its account of how things were, when the like of Warburg in Germany and Gowland Hopkins in Cambridge were *accouchéurs* for many of the new developments. Of more general interest is his account of the terrible days in 1933 when the Nazis began their organized persecution of Jews, and with that the destruction of German Intellectual life. On one day Krebs was a contented, successful, admired member of the Department of Medicine at Freiburg University, on the next an outcast, notified of his "immediate removal from office". He quotes several hysterical manifestos and affirmations of loyalty which circulated in the university at that time, including two signed by Martin Heidegger, the Rektor, an enthusiastic Nazi.

Krebs made his way to Cambridge, where, Hopkin and others welcomed him. In 1935 he went to Sheffield University where, by 1937, he had completed his work on the fundamental energy-yielding process in all living cells known as the Citric Acid Cycle. For this he was awarded a Nobel Prize in 1953. The Prize has kept well in his mind with inflation

today it would have been about £50,000. In 1954 he was the obvious choice for the Whitley Chair of Biochemistry at Oxford.

Like so many of his compatriots who were thrown out by the Nazis, Krebs showed the German character at its best. Apart from industry, loyalty and decency the essence of that character is an earnest, simple faith that the Universe can be treated as if it were orderly. In one direction this faith can lead to a Nobel Prize, in another to the kind of bafflement Krebs seems to have felt at much of Oxford attitudes. He quotes a remark made by the wife of the Warde of All Souls to Sir Roy Harrod: "A man who has a first in Greats can get up science in a fortnight." This sort of batty, off-hand pronouncement can be heard every day somewhere in Oxford, and is usually to be taken as metaphor, except on the rare occasions when the logic is the existence of two kinds of University Lecturers in Oxford: those with College Fellowships and emoluments and free hot food, and those without. Most of the latter class shrug their shoulders and get on with research, but to Krebs, concerned about attracting the best young scientists to his department, the whole thing was a constant source of irritation, and he describes repeated unsuccessful efforts to influence the Humpdy-Dumplings of the Hebdomadal Council and the General Board. The problem was partly solved, in the ingenious Oxford style, by turning the top Fellows of Colleges into Fellows of new colleges, demonstrating the truth that the British want is not money and food, but position. While engaged in his epic struggle, Krebs built up one of the best departments of Biochemistry

Pedalling pioneers

By Dervla Murphy

JOHN FOSTER FRASER:
Round the World on a Wheel
325pp. Chatto and Windus. £7.95.
0 7011 2609 4

Round the World on a Wheel describes a pioneering twenty-six month cycle tour - through seventeen countries, six empires, three continents - that reminds us that what we else may have changed since 1898, the bicycle hasn't. True, there have been many attempts to drag it into the High Technology age by inventing ludicrously complex gear systems which - if taken seriously - would prevent anyone ever again cycling around the world. But the roadsters shown in John Fraser's blurred photographs are almost identical to the machines that we who are not beguiled by gears pedal in 1982. And, looking ahead to the post-internal combustion engine era, it is a nice thought that in 2058 people may be enjoying their globe-tours on bicycles that would be familiar to John Foster Fraser, Edward Lunn and F. H. Lowe.

In 1896, these three Englishmen were invited to the palace of the Zill-i-Sultan - Governor of Lushan, an elder half-brother of the Shah and reputed to be "the cruellest and cruelest man in all Persia". The Zill said: "It seems that you Britons, whenever you have any time on hand, must rush off seeking hardship and danger in foreign countries. Why? There's no pleasure in it."

There's adventure! replied Fraser. Whereupon he records, the Zill

shrugged and regarded us as madmen. The non-European view of having adventures for fun also remains unchanged. Other races are no less energetic, brave, stoical and dogged if circumstances require them to undertake perilous journeys through unknown regions. But they do not relax. And they are baffled by that psychological abnormality which causes Europeans positively to enjoy physical danger, extreme hardship and the excitement of the unpredictable - setting out each morning not knowing if any suitable track exists, or where one will get one's next meal, or end the day.

Every stage of this tour involved privations and risks which may not be fully appreciated by those readers who have never had to cycle fifty miles on a non-road before finding breakfast, or haul a bicycle over a high snow-covered pass, or share a fatigued of the Great Unwashed. Fraser's lack of understatement is in the best tradition of self-upper-lippery. And they match this trio's happy-go-lucky amateurism, which was sufficiently balanced by common-sense to prevent their ever being a nuisance to the Authorities.

Modern travellers will be ravaged by envy when they compare the world seen by these young men with the standardized world of today. It is of course possible, even now, to experience the world-as-it was. But one must carefully select a comparatively small area; indiscriminately to cycle around the globe - even if that were politically possible - would involve meeting several million packaged tourists on the way. Fraser and his friends met no tourists, unless one

counts a group of Russian aristocrats holidaying in Tiflis.

Apart from its value as a gripping adventure story, *Round the World on a Wheel* provides an ingenious self-portrait of a late Victorian Englishman versus The Rest. Fraser was no died-in-the-wool Imperialist: he had caustic things to say about many Anglo-Indian attitudes and in America he wrote "Poor Red Man! There are no happy hunting grounds for him. He is being civilized off the face of the earth. The Pilgrim Fathers have much to answer for. When they landed in America they fell upon their knees; then they fell upon the aborigines." Yet this young man and his companions bore the hall-mark of their generation. They had been conditioned to take it for granted that Englishmen (or "Britons") to use Fraser's favoured term were entitled to rule everyone else because of their inherent superiority which could also be relied upon to make them pretty well invulnerable, as they roamed the world seeking adventure. It is probable that the three would have been murdered - in Hungary, or Russia, or Persia, or China. There were numerous occasions when they subdued a hostile mob by casually waving a gun and exuding a Master-Race scorn. They often made a point - especially in China - of subsequently summoning the local ruler and insisting on the settlement being publicly punished. It was only proper that anti-British sentiments should be seen, not only for some wretched peasant who had never even heard of Britain, but also for some strange reason, their survival in situations where lesser breeds

would have been chopped into small pieces. And their journey in itself furnished the Master-Race image. Appealing as their more insensitive reactions may seem to us, their courage, resourcefulness and endurance were beyond exaggeration.

The publishers should have done more for this reprint. The original edition has been abridged, which is unfortunate; no writer can adequately describe a 19,237 mile cycle-tour in 325 pages, so one closes *Round the World on a Wheel* feeling slightly cheated. Also, there is no index, no map (several are called for) and no introduction to the three heroes. That last omission is especially frustrating because Fraser tells us nothing about himself (in these pages he lays total exposure) or about his companions. We only know that "Edward Lunn" and "F. H. Lowe" were there too; we have no impression of them as individuals.

The hubris tells us that "Fraser was a professional journalist whose brilliant travel articles and books were famous at the end of the last century." And in his preface Fraser writes: "This is a book of travel but it is not clever or wise or scientific." These two quotes put his best-remembered book in perspective: it is a "good read", but often superficial and occasionally misleading. Whenever Fraser breaks his own rule and inserts something "clever", it becomes the shallowest sort of journalistic snippets of misinformation about the Georgians, or the Ottoman Empire, or Buddhism, or the latterly minor eccentricism of a book that vividly records the most heroic bicycle tour ever undertaken.

An April Epithalamion

For John and Anne Huglies

I meant to write a Poem Upon Your Wedding,
Full of advice and hiddeo, deeper meaning.
Alas, my life has locked me out of language.
My sons skulk in their stum of drums and dinner;
Distracting wars break out oo distant islands;
Rooms, uncured to sunlight, cry for cleaning.

I'll hum some thoughts in rhythm while I'm cleanlog.
Marriage, you know, is not a life-long wedding.
A hunching of moony pairs to pearly islands
Where love, like light, illuminates pure meaning.
For just when truth's in sight, it's time for dinner.
Or lust (thank God) corrupts pure love of language.

Love is, of course, its appetitos and language.
Nothing could be more human or more cleaning.
It seems a shame to have to think of dinner
And all the ephemeral trappings of a wedding.
Whoa wait you pay for seems to cost its meaning.
Aro sausage-rolls and cake somehow small islands.

Symbols, like champagne, of all the islands
We try to join together through our language?
John Donne was very sure about his meaning:
No John or Anna's an island. For the cleaning
Up and flinking up of feelings, a wedding's
A kind of caseway, then - like dinner.

O.K. A moo (not John) could wed his dinner.
God help him to imagine lusty islands
Where sun and sea began life with a wedding.
Begetting - not with grody need of language -
Greenness and creatures (wolds to do the cleaning)
That ring-a-rosy in a dance of meaning

Without which love might be the only meaning.
I mean, of course, that love and war and dinner
And politics and literature and cleaning
Are only words, flat essays of islands.
While, with our minds, we caterwaul a language,
Our eyes and bodios meet and make their wedding.

But look! I've spoiled your wedding with a meanlog.
Tried to spice up with language good piao dinner.
Off to your island now! Leave me my cleaning.

Anne Stevenson

Water

My aunt's bronchitis filtered through the days
of boggy meadows: the Brick Hole, the Long Moss.
A watery nothingness
to her it found
its local habitation and its name.

I dodged green bottles from an oozy stream
in Nacarne woods. My brother heaved a spear
of sharpened hazel.
Stained light, blotched waterwords,
a ruined brittle my hands might utter.

Flooding even in summer. Oily heeds
in roadside fields where rats trawled for their lives.
Lamberts at a bus window, ringed with namas,
and killed bondsmen
truculent in song.

The year McMahon sank his spring well
or the hill's foggy foot, I took to heart
The joys of Shakespeare, raked from the town dump.
The boards smoked at the fire
until they had dried.

The house was built in a bog, so the floor sank
and the walls were damp;
lines in a blue notebook, pages dried
brown at the edges,
stained like watermarks.

Pumphouse, conduit, culvert, patterns of drains
like herding-fossils, channels, ditches, canals;
but the next downpour sloking
to meet the swell from underground,
the water there from the start.

Frank Ormsby

The Hebrew Class

Dark night of the year, the clinging ice
a blue pavement-Dreadon,
smoking still, and in loads more deeply frozao,
the savage thaw of tasks:

but in the Hebrew class it is warm as childhood.
It is Cheder and Sunday School.
It is the golden honey of approval,
the slow, grainy tear saved for the braad

of a child cowlly broken
oo the barbo of his Aleph-Bot,
to show him that knowldgo is sweet
- and obedienco, by the same token.

So we taste power and pleasing,
and the white wand of chalk flaps on the board,
milky as our first words.
We try to shine for our leader.

How almost perfectly humao
this little circle of bright heads bowed before
the declaration of grammatical law.
Who could divide our nation

of study? Not even God!
We are blank pages hungry for the pen.
We are ploughed fields, soft and ripe for planting.
What music rises and falls as we softly read.

Oh smiling children, oh dangerously gifted ones,
take care that you learn to ask why,
for the room you are in is also history.
Consider your sweet complenco

In the light of that day when the book
is torn from your hand
and to answer correctly the teacher's command
is to speak for this ice, this dark.

Carol Rumens

Kite, Poisoned By Dingo Bait

Trephina Gorge, Northern Territory

By theo the crack had died, and splashed
Sand, fine as pepper, at our feet.
Ghost gums, their leaves nervously green,
Glistened like mercury in the heat.
The gorge opened its wound of rock,
Immaculate in the day's long glare.
Gobbits of stone lay where they fell
In dreamtime through original air.
Liquorice-coloured files blundered
Expertly, always out of reach.
Wild passion-fruit, half-eaten by
Cockles and ants rubbished the beach.
Spinifex pigeons wedged, swam
From a small shore as bright as bones;
And unswart in the waterhole:
A cow, its ribs a xylophone.
Wild donkeys, elegantly buffed,
Arrowed a glance and donced away;
Rumped on a noked river gum,
A kite, as motionless as clay.
Plumpling its feathers against death
Like northern birds against the frost.
It gripped the noon, its eye of stone
Blinded as by a pentecost.

Abandoning the sour pool, we
Stopped through loggans of doart grit
Back to the truck - ex-Vlat Nari,
Still camouflaged - hoping to hit
The beef road to Arlittings: Red
Bulldozers made smoke behind us, and
Thinned for a moment, to reveal,
Etched on a plate of scrub and sand,
The cow, heaving comfortably
Into the waterhole. The spray
Dotkeys spluttering back. The kite
Cleared from the bough, and shadow-ly
Another in the unversed sky.

Charles Causley

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WALTER OAKESHOTT:

The Two Winchester Bibles
(62pp, with 12 colourplates and 192
black-and-white illustrations. Clarendon
Press: Oxford University Press
£140.
0 19 81 8235

Sir Walter Oakeshott has been interested in the Winchester Bible for some forty-seven years and his enjoyment and admiration in its presence are still fresh on every page of this beautifully written book. The Bible is a wonderful masterpiece of European Romanesque art. Its decoration was never finished, but there are so many fascinating problems concerning its text and its history, the identity of the artists and their collaboration, the changes of plan in the illumination, the dating of the various campaigns, and the changes in stylistic idiom, that it constantly challenges our understanding not only of art of the twelfth century, but of wider problems of artistic creation.

In 1945 Oakeshott published *Artists of the Winchester Bible*, a short study of the Bible illustrated with forty-four plates. As the title made plain his purpose was to identify the artistic personalities involved in the illumination and it was there that he coined the graphic names which have now passed into the literature of medieval art. There were, he thought, six main personalities: the Master of the Leaping Figures, the Master of the Apocrypha Drawings, the Master of the Amalekite, the Master of the Morgan Leaf, the Master of the Genesis Initial and the Master of the Gothic Majesty. In 1945 Oakeshott was able to show that certain illuminations were painted over drawings in a different style. The drawings had been executed by the Leaping Figures and the Apocrypha Masters, the paintings by the Genesis and the Morgan Masters, never the other way round, and this proved that the last two were working after the first two, which the style would have suggested in any case. Problems of chronology, as well as the identity and origins of the masters are the main focus of *The Two Winchester Bibles*. Considerations of the subject-matter and iconographic sources are relatively brief, though here too some new identifications and comparisons are proposed. For example, the gryphon in a roundel in the stem of the opening initial is suggested to be the guardian of the treasure inside the volume, just as in the Bestiary it is said to guard the pot of gold; a piece of the part of the publishers is to reproduce this roundel on the binding.

Since 1945 a number of new discoveries have been crucial to the further study of the Bible. One was Otto Pächt's recognition (in 1961) of the English style specifically Winchester style of the wall-paintings in the Chapter House at Sigens in northern Spain. These paintings had been photographed in 1936 just before their partial destruction in the Civil War, and their charred remains are today installed in the Barcelona museum. Another revelation was Neil Ker's observation, in his *Lyle lectures* of 1952-3, that a second Bible, the so-called Auct. Bible in the Bodleian Library, had been used to correct the text of the Winchester Bible and a start had been made in standardizing the two texts. The third, this due to Oakeshott's own initiative, was the uncovering in 1965 by Eve Baker of the scenes of the Deposition and Entombment, painted in the late twelfth century. These had been hidden beneath the early thirteenth-century paintings of the same subjects in the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre in Winchester Cathedral.

Continuing to work on the problems of the Winchester Bible, Oakeshott published a study of the Sigens paintings in 1972. This focused on the question of the participation in them of Winchester artists. In particular the Morgan and Gothic Majesty Masters, and also on the attribution to the Morgan Master of the paintings in the Morgan Leaf, who arrived as prior in 1180 and left in 1186 to become Bishop of Lincoln. While still prior, Hugh was told the origin of the Bible by a Winchester monk and insisted on returning it. This story had been applied to the Winchester Bible and used to explain the cessation of work on it, although the narrative explicitly states that the Bible given to Hugh was finished. Oakeshott's hypothesis is that this was in fact the Auct. Bible, a suggestion he sees as confirmed by the fact that the monk stated that his community had another, far better Bible which would shortly be finished. This must have been the Winchester Bible.

This convincing interpretation has chronological implications. The completed Auct. Bible must have been given to Witham after 1180 and before c.1185. According to Ker the textual revision in the two Bibles was carried out by a scribe working after 1170. The uncial forms rubrication associated with this revision is closely connected with the illuminated initials by the later masters in the Winchester Bible. Oakeshott considers it possible that the rubricator was the Morgan Master himself, a point which should make us think whether certain aesthetic qualities of Romanesque art are related to monastic or professional artists training in calligraphic design. The chronological implications are, therefore, that the brackets for dating should close up from Oakeshott's earlier c.1150-1220 to the present suggested c.1160-1185; the writing and the first campaign-taking place in the 1160s and being interrupted perhaps as Oakeshott suggests by the death of Bishop Henry of Blois in 1171; the correction and the second campaign from c.1175 to 1185. The redolence, as Oakeshott admits, lessens the appropriateness of the name "Gothic Majesty Master". His work with the initials is now attributed to the "Amalekite Master". Jerome's preface, "Frater Ambrosius", was also added with rubrication by the Winchester "Uncial Forms Master" who also wrote the rubric elsewhere in the Bible, and with an illuminated initial "F" which, Oakeshott considers, is by the Morgan Master.

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The Masters of the scriptoria

By J. J. G. Alexander

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the Leaping Figures Master. The cartulary of Mont St Michel, written early in the reign of Abbot William de Torigni (1154-86), also contains drawings which surely have some connexion with the Apocryphs Master's drawings.

A magnificent large copy of Pliny's Natural History now at Le Mans is also relevant since Jean Porcher has already suggested that the artist of its preliminary miniature and main initials was the Entailleur Figures Master. Oakeshott is rather hesitant, as was Francis Wormald, as to the Pliny's origin, but I think it should be stressed how different, particularly as to colour, but also as to decorative vocabulary, surviving contemporary Le Mans manuscripts are. It would be interesting to compare the text with New College 274 from St Albans. If the Pliny was seen early as a present or even illuminated in France, it would be evidence of influences passing in both directions. The matter is complex in that the whole region of Western France had been fundamentally affected in the eleventh century by Anglo-Saxon art.

Whatever his origins, it seems quite in accordance with the known works that the Apocrypha Master could have been a professional and that he travelled with an assistant or assistants. Another indication that professionals were at work on the Bible is the presence of written instructions in the margins. Such instructions are particularly associated with the rise of lay professional ateliers in Paris in the early thirteenth century and it is difficult to see what need or justification there could be for them in a monastic scriptorium. The instructions are faint and very hard to read and it would have been useful to have them transcribed as far as they can be made out.

Dr Knuffmann has suggested that the Amalekite Master is less satisfactory as a construct than Oakeshott's other artists, but that he is probably to be seen as an assistant of the Morgan Master. Oakeshott also here speaks of him as the least clearcut of the six artists. The problem is whether the younger, contemporary artist with or older, contemporary Morgan Master. Oakeshott describes him as a contemporary but attributes to him the diplyth showing the Virgin in the St Dunstons Psalter which Wormald believed to be a copy of a Byzantine icon. Henry of Blois might have brought back from Italy. This surely implies that the Amalekite Master worked of an earlier date than the Morgan Master. If this is true, then he rather than the Morgan Master must be accounted the key figure in the development of the mature Byzantine style at Winchester. Oakeshott speaks of the problems of plotting the development of a medieval artist over a period, when only a small fraction of his oeuvre exists, but he never raises the possibility that the Amalekite Master might be the young Morgan Master. Attributions of the early works of great artists always raise acute problems, but surely this solution is hinted at in the fact that the initial to Habakkuk is here attributed to the Amalekite Master, but in the Sigha book to the Morgan Master. The Morgan Master's development would then be an increasing classicism as he first learns Byzantine style, then at first hand in Sicily, and finally through imported Byzantine works, then at first hand in Sicily, and finally through imported Byzantine works, then at first hand in Sicily, and finally through imported Byzantine works.

Finally, there is the same of scholarly collaboration, which is brought out also in the occasional autobiography. The vivid description of Fritz Saxl describing the process. We, as it were, share his eyes. Thirdly, stylistic evidence and historical evidence are used complementarily, neither being allowed to budge, the other to submission. Fourthly, Oakeshott does not pretend to an illusory finality; he continually admits that hypotheses are provisional and that they embody the explanation which makes most sense at the moment. It is admitted that other problems remain to be solved.

Artists of the Winchester Bible was a small book published with all the expenses of wartime. The new book is a large volume, almost but not quite the size of the Winchester Bible itself. It is finely printed and cast by hand with all the traditional skill of the Oxford University Press, and it contains one hundred and ninety-four black-and-white illustrations and twelve colour-plates printed by offset lithography and all of excellent quality. The latter show five initial pages and the two whole-page drawings from the Winchester Bible, the decision to reproduce the latter being an excellent one because their superb quality is much clearer than in even the best black-and-white reproduction. Both sides of the Morgan leaf are also shown in colour as well as two initials and a full page from the Auct. Bible. Oakeshott has

always been aware of the importance of using new technical aids and a point of interest is the taking of certain photographs so as to eliminate distortion where the initial is in a curved surface close to the gutter of the manuscript.

It is unfortunate that for reasons beyond his control the volume is in some sense a compromise and that there are still a few initials, mostly the unfinished designs by the Master of the Leaping Figures at the end of the Bible, which have never been reproduced. This was because an American publisher's proposal to make a complete facsimile of the Bible has been abandoned or postponed. Even if the project had gone ahead it would still have been helpful to have a fuller catalogue-type description of the Bible, because, though most of the necessary codicological, paleographical and historical information is available somewhere in the book, it is scattered and not always easy to find. In particular there is no way of discovering quickly where a particular initial is reproduced since there is no list of plates and plate numbers are not included in the table. Two small misprints in the table are that the drawing for Judith is on folio 331 verso and the initial to Romana is on folio 436 verso. If the facsimile is finally abandoned it would seem highly desirable for the whole Bible to be published by the chapter on coloured microfiche and for a full description to be incorporated. On grounds of security alone, this would seem urgent.

The Two Winchester Bibles is important because it provides object lessons of value beyond the specific study of twelfth-century English art. First, it shows that difficult art historical problems need long and careful pondering, perhaps can only be successfully tackled in maturity, and it is this sustained pondering which gives Oakeshott's views on stylistic questions their authority. Secondly, the reader participates in the difficult process of seeing art, and this is what Oakeshott is able to describe that process. We, as it were, share his eyes. Thirdly, stylistic evidence and historical evidence are used complementarily, neither being allowed to budge, the other to submission. Fourthly, Oakeshott does not pretend to an illusory finality; he continually admits that hypotheses are provisional and that they embody the explanation which makes most sense at the moment. It is admitted that other problems remain to be solved.

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J.L.H.

Feathered folios

By Redmond O'Hanlon

BRUNSDON YAPP.
Birds in Medieval Manuscripts.
190pp. British Library. £9.50.
0 904654 540

Among all the illuminated pages from medieval gospels, psalters, missals and books of hours assembled here the most remarkable has been inspired, not by a vision, say, of the mansions of heaven, but by a treatise on vice - Coenraed's *Tractatus de vitis septem*, the British Library's MS. Egerton 3127, f.1v.

The folio scatters into life a falconer's fantasy, an impossible abundance of game. A covey of red-legged partridges whirrs off the ground to one side of the page and eight grey partridge rocket away to safety on the other, four fat mallard make a running take-off down the line of the left-hand margin and, stooping down the column of sky on the right, one possible goshawk chases a crane whilst another white stork rises from a tree below, and three startled hoopoes cock their crested heads and wonder whether to follow suit as a hawk perches into view on *famille*, with pointers, retrievers and greyhounds to heel, tongues out in expectation. A magpie glides swearing down the centre of the page towards them, and along the upper margin, a lammergeier sucks in the semi-detached digestive tract of a decayed horse as if it were a stick of liquorice, and a raven puts the finishing touches to an eye-socket.

Birds in Medieval Manuscripts is well illustrated (apart from the plate of the peacocks' claret beak round the edge of an upsidown page of the Lindisfarne Gospels, and, more seriously, that of the bestiary's low, hurrying to earth to stand on their heads and nest the wrong way up). And Brunsdon Yapp's mass of ornithological detail is usually good; almost all painted blackbirds in the Middle Ages have red beaks - were their creators slavishly com-

plying with the Aristotelian decision that they were *rufus*, or was there a blackbird beak mutation to the modern yellow?

There are no lesser spotted woodpeckers in English manuscripts. There are fewer robins than one might expect, but then the spread of our common thrushes from forests into gardens is recent. The chaffinch, Britain's most abundant bird, only reached northwest Scotland in the past hundred years, and so may have been rare in the England of the Middle Ages; it is, in any case, displaced in manuscripts of the period by the goldfinch.

And Giraldus Cambrensis, although he conflates it with the kingfisher, almost makes up for his eye-witness lies about the birth of the barnacle goose (exuded from a sea-shell on a gum tree) with the very first description of a dipper, a bird which characteristically perches, bobbing up and down, on the rocks of mountain rivers, which often builds its nest behind waterfalls, and which really might have walked, under water, across the gravelly bottom of streams, straight out of a bestiary.

There are little birds called martins, smaller than a blackbird, rare here as elsewhere, and living by streams; short like a quail and plunging into the water on to tiny fishes, on which they feed. Although otherwise they retain their nature in all things, they vary in colour only. For here, with their white underparts and black back they are becoming unlike their kind, while in other places, with their red breast and reddish back and feet and indeed with their back and wings gleaming bright green like a parrot or peacock, they are strikingly

Occasionally, however, Mr Yapp might have been more informative. He discusses the goshawk in the Alphonso Psalter, without remarking how odd the scene is - an austere monk, say, a goshawk kills by up, and Brunsdon Yapp's mass of ornithological detail is usually good; almost all painted blackbirds in the Middle Ages have red beaks - were their creators slavishly com-

Chronicles of the Church

By B. M. Bolton

MARJORIE CHIBNALL (Editor).
The Ecclesiastical History of Orderic Vitalis.
Volume 1.

386pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £35.
0 19 822443 3

J. ROBERT WRIGHT.
The Church and the English Crown 1305-1334.

472pp. Toronto: Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies. C\$27.
0 79 094271 2

The twenty-five years Marjorie Chibnall has spent on editing the thirteen books of the Anglo-Norman historian Orderic Vitalis match almost exactly the length of time which Orderic took to write them. The result of her work is a version which surpasses the original, both in its impact and its value for students and scholars. The present volume, containing last but not least, completes her edition, and she has now made available to us "the greatest of all medieval chronicles" and one of the most valuable and readable of all the historical works of the twelfth century. Her final volume includes a sketch of the lives of the Popes I and II, giving a chronological sketch through the lives of the Popes to the sequence of lay rulers and popes up to Orderic's own time.

The Ecclesiastical History represents his life's work, for we know that he began it in 1114, wrote the bulk of it between 1123 and 1137 and had put the finishing touches to it by 1141. Its value for historians is beyond measure, for Orderic be-

lieved that each generation had a duty to keep a truthful record, not only for the glory of God but also to provide material for future historians to include and interpret in their chronicles. Dr Chibnall's volume is an invaluable general introduction to all thirteen of Orderic's books and contains an *Index verborum*, where she lists some of the most unusual words in his vocabulary. These, indeed, include between one-quarter and one-third of the words he uses in the Ecclesiastical History.

Little is known of Orderic save what he himself chooses to tell us, but Dr Chibnall has managed to indicate the sources he used and to set him in his historical context as a man, half-English and half-Norman in the generation after the Conquest, and as a Benedictine monk in the monastery of St Evroul, an important centre of a network of dependencies in the general protection of the dukes of Normandy. This volume differs from the other five in the extent of its subject matter, because of the nature of publication and the different nature of these two books. Books I and II of Orderic are printed in an abbreviated form without translation.

J. Robert Wright handles with great authority the problems of Anglo-Papal and Church-State relations during the reign of Edward I and the first thirty years of the Papacy's self-imposed exile at Avignon. The new and interesting way in which recent scholarship has been synthesized, together with the author's skilful use of the unpublished and hitherto untapped Register of Walter Reynolds, Archbishop of Canterbury 1314-27, make a most useful as well as readable book.

It is divided into three parts, dealing with papal provisions, with Anglo-Papal diplomacy in the period, and with the issues at stake

during the time that Walter Reynolds was at Canterbury. The picture that emerges is heartening. From what Wright says we can see that even in an England apparently weakened by an inept and foolish king, the long tradition of opposition to papal encroachment continued unabated. Against the system of papal provisions, by which the popes found or "provided" suitable candidates to vacant benefices, the English monarchy had developed a very definite policy of resistance. By the so-called "privilege of England", the Crown managed to enforce oaths on bishops which implied that they were receiving their temporalities at the king's pleasure and not by papal grant. Even in the area of Anglo-Papal finance, the Crown is shown to have been in a relatively strong position.

Possibly the most useful and interesting information in this book comes from Reynolds's Register. Reynolds is cleared of the twin charges of indecision and mediocrity, for as Wright says, "Indecision may not be a vice in a Primate whose king is foolish and whose Pope is clever". The appendices are particularly valuable. They include details on provisions, on the contemporary College of Cardinals and their interests in England, English litigation at the Roman Curia, prayers for the Royal family and the liturgy of Archbishop Reynolds. Altogether, this is a valuable addition to the literature of a specialized but interesting field.

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PHILOSOPHY

By no means inevitable

By Galen Strawson

NICHOLAS DENYER:

Time, Action and Necessity.
A proof of free will.
103pp. Duckworth. £8.95.
0 7156 1530 0

Nicholas Denyer's book is not a proof of free will any more than it is a refutation of determinism. The fact that it is neither of these things is, however, largely independent of the fact that he has some very unusual, if not time-honoured, views about time and necessity, claiming that all true statements about the past and the present are necessary truths.

He holds this view simply because he holds, quite reasonably, that although it may be true that things could have been different now, if determinism is false, neither the present nor the past could now be different, given that things have in fact happened as they have up to now.

Denyer's odd (Aristotelian) use of the word "necessary" has its roots in his views about time. Adopting a fairly standard logic, to which he adds past and future tense "operators", he stresses how important it is that the "symbolism for tenses" should be neutral between different conceptions of time, if it is to be no questions. But he then builds a thoroughly contentious view about time - about the truth-conditions of future-tense sentences - into his interpretation of the symbolism. For he holds that a statement about the future like "I will be sitting down in ten minutes from now" is true if and only if it is already now determined that the state of affairs specified; that is, roughly, that "the future can be true by something in the past or the present making it true".

But this is a highly unnatural way of understanding what the truth of statements about the future consists in. A more natural - and neutral - view of the matter is this: the proposition that a certain event will occur at some future time *t* is true if and

only if it does occur at *t*. Thus suppose emission of X-particles by radium; then "This lump of radioactive matter will emit an X-particle at noon tomorrow" is true now if and only if the lump does in fact emit an X-particle then, and that's all there is to it.

Denyer denies this. Indeed he claims that what is now true is both (i) that it is not the case that it will be the case that the lump does emit the particle, and (ii) that it is not the case that it will be the case that the lump does not emit the particle. More generally, he claims that it is not true that for any proposition *p*, either it will be the case that *p*, or it will be the case that not-*p* (even if one ignores "vague" predicates). But this claim is true in his view, only if determinism is false. What, then, of Denyer's attempt to refute determinism?

Consider the statement "Every event has some cause (or other)". It may be false, but it is not falsifiable. It cannot be conclusively refuted: one could never be sure one had ruled out all possible causes. Denyer's statement of determinism is more complex, and speaks of laws rather than of causes, but it too is an unrestricted "every-some" statement, and it too cannot be conclusively refuted. He claims to refute it by what is, he says, in a sense an *ad hominem* argument: by showing that no rational agent can when he deliberates believe one of its consequences: the claim that for any proposition *p* about the future, either *p* is necessary (or bound to happen) or not-*p* is necessary.

Having thus "proved" indeterminism, he proposes to "move from indeterminism to freedom of the will by appealing once more to assumptions that one makes in deliberation". He claims to prove free will by showing that when we deliberate about action we cannot but assume that we have free will; that is, that our deliberations are both autonomous and efficacious; that is, that what we end up doing when we act "will have been determined by our deliberations, and that it will not have been determined by anything prior to them". He argues that it follows

from the fact that all rational agents have beliefs which they cannot give up while remaining rational agents, and which are inconsistent with determinism and denial of free will, that determinism is false, and that they do indeed have free will.

But what Denyer has to show, it would seem, is that these beliefs are true, and not merely that we cannot give them up. There is certainly something attractive about this line of thought, according to which truly inescapable commitment to the belief in freedom, on the part of all rational agents, amounts to its truth; but there is also something very unsatisfactory about it. For, first, as Bernard Williams has put it, "irresistibility does not entail truth". Second, Denyer is right to think that he needs to show not only that every rational agent, but also that every rational being would be inescapably committed to belief in freedom; but his argument for this (which appeals to the "Principle of Charity") is unconvincing. More generally, Denyer is surely wrong to think that he can derive plain facts about causation and determinism from claims about unresolvable commitments. And, crucially, he offers no detailed positive account of how it is that the belief in freedom, and value-structured deliberations of human beings, who are seemingly products of their heredity and environment, can be undermined by anything occurring prior to them.

Denyer writes very clearly and ingeniously is often expanded on complex internal consistency. But he employs the irritating "Polish" notation for logic, which sacrifices perspicuity to compactness of expression; his ingenuity is often expended on complications of his own devising; and many will, I think, be offended by the rather arrogant tone of the book. So far as it is about free will it has the considerable merit of raising in a very direct way one of the most interesting issues, that of the nature of our commitment to belief in freedom. But it fails to do much more than raise it - as Denyer himself acknowledges, in his Johnsonian last sentence: "We know our wills are free, and there's a start on it."

Pity the wrong-doer

By A. W. Price

MARY MARGARET MACKENZIE.
Plato on Punishment.
278pp. University of California Press. £17.25.
0 520 04169 0

It is a truism that punishment is for crime. But unfortunately this doesn't mean that only actual criminals get punished. It does mean that punishment purport to be deserved. The language of punishment is, so to speak, backward-looking and retributive. Its morality, by contrast, may have to be forward-looking and consequentialist. The rationales of such practices as imposing penalties, bestowing awards, or writing thank-you letters may well be utilitarian for all that the notions themselves are not. Quasi-justificatory appeal to retribution can amount to no more than what G. E. M. Anscombe has called "a punishment theory of punishment".

Regrettably, Mary Margaret Mackenzie gets both points wrong. She does suppose that, strictly, only criminals are punished; and she bristly and unpersuasively rejects any such demand for protection less than potential offenders need discouragement. And if so, it isn't really anomalous at all that even incurable criminals are to suffer, in the next life if not already in this, not for their own sakes indeed, but as an example to others. If Plato were to take this back, it would presumably be on the ground that sacrificing one man to benefit another is always victimization.

Such a thought belongs within an extreme individualism; and, surprisingly, Mackenzie finds just such an "individualistic ethic" to Plato. Quite contrary evidence throughout the *Republic* and *Laws* is dismissed lightly with the observation that, in works of political interest, general utility can be expected to enmesh on individual humanity. (As if a republic would of course be a briefly monarchist when writing about the royal family.) Here is a major distortion of precisely that aspect of Platonic morality that has clearest current interest. At least in Plato's ideal city, the boundaries between man and man are broken down. By an extension of the homoerotic relations between pairs of lovers in the *Symposium* and *Phaedrus*, each man loves his neighbour as himself because his neighbour is an adjunct of himself. As the *Republic* puts it, "In our city more than any other, where any individual fares well or badly, they would all speak in unison the words we mentioned just now, that 'mine' is doing well, or 'mine' is doing badly." Plato anticipates Derek Parfit's recent suggestion that egoism may be that kind of metaphysical mistake: that I am one person, and you another, is as true or false as we care to make it. A corollary must be an unapologetic subsumption of individual justice under social utility. Dr Mackenzie's alternative conception is at once less Platonic, and less stimulating.

Of course Socratic intellectualism was soon complicated by Plato's caste-system model of the mind's workings; just as the republic has its classes, so the soul has its parts, and injustice may not only be in error, but also in the soul.

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but also derive from (and indeed consist in) an insubordination that amounts to mental disorder. In the simile of the *Phaedrus*, reason is a charioteer with a good horse (high-minded, but somewhat stupid) to direct, and a bad horse (ruthless and recalcitrant) to restrain. If the soul is to advance in the right direction, reason must not only keep its head, but get its way. This development is crucial, for it promises to explain the inner cost of being unjust, and it reveals the educative value of conventional punishment. If bad judgment is the only vice, the only salutary chastisement (to take a Socratic joke seriously) would be dialectic, or refutation. But the appetites aren't mistaken about their objects (food, drink, sex, and the like), and need discipline, not persuasion. So punishment of a less civilized kind is the right sort of therapy.

In Mackenzie's terminology, Plato's emphasis is thus "bunankarian" rather than utilitarian; punishment is justified primarily as a benefit to the convict, not to society in general. Plato's appeal to deterrence, which is common enough, is not usually denied here, but it is surely so far we might expect almost equal stress on deterrence, with a distinctive focus: if doing wrong is worse than suffering it, possible victims need protection less than potential offenders need discouragement. And if so, it isn't really anomalous at all that even incurable criminals are to suffer, in the next life if not already in this, not for their own sakes indeed, but as an example to others. If Plato were to take this back, it would presumably be on the ground that sacrificing one man to benefit another is always victimization.

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Plato's Poetics: the Authority of Beauty, by Morris Henry Parry, has just been published (278pp. University of Utah Press. £13.50. 0 87480 197 4). Professor Parry takes up an old problem: how are we to understand the condemnation of poetry by one who is a "master poet" himself, and who acknowledges its usefulness in education?

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